

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s. Stamped; 12s. Unstamped; to be forwarded by Money Order or Postage Stamps to the Publisher, W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

Annual Subscribers only (whose names are registered at the Office) are entitled to an Admission to the Concert, and a Piece of Music, (regular Music size) Monthly.

No. 22.—VOL. XXII.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1847.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE
{ STAMPED, FOURPENCE

TO OUR READERS.

Annual Subscribers whose names are entered in the Book at our Office, and whose Subscriptions are paid in advance to Christmas next, are ALONE entitled to an Admission to the forthcoming Annual Concert, which will be given in June or July next.

Our Subscribers will be presented this week with an IMPROMPTU, composed expressly for the "Musical World," by CHARLES LUDERS.

JENNY LIND AND HER INFLUENCE.

Our worthy progenitors may prate about Henry Betty and Miss O'Neil as they will, we have got something in our time to match them. Those bubbles swelled into the dimensions of a pumpkin before they burst—but this bubble is already as big as one of Mr. Green's balloons, and yet there is no sign of its melting into air. It gets bigger and bigger every day; but it looks so smooth and glitters with such diaphanous brightness in the sun that one has not the heart to throw a stone and smash it. In these, depressed and apathetic times it is pleasant to get hold of an excitement, come whence it may; and we shall not quarrel with the charming Jenny because she has in three weeks set the Thames on fire. Welcome then, thou most delightful epidemic, that hast poured into the ear of old London such precious distillations as have ravished it beyond a cure! Welcome, thou melodious plague, from whose infection none escapes—no, not even the doctors who walk the hospitals and presume to administer medicine to thy victims, for they are as intoxicated with thy honeyed poison as their patients. The doctors (*critics*) who first cried "Pshaw!" and prescribed brandy and salt, are now, sick in their turn, at a loss to invent a nostrum for themselves. Maddier than their patients, they run about and rave. But no wonder—for Jenny Lind is irresistible! She has smiled upon the patricians, the people, and the press, and has vanquished them to a man. The Queen throws a bouquet at her; the barons and dames of rank flourish their silken scented kerchiefs, and weigh down the atmosphere with indefinite and countless smells; the people shout and roar; the press look on, with affected unconcern—as who should say, "Poor infatuated devils!"—and straightway hie them to their garrets, and emulate the mobbish drunkenness on paper. For one stroke of art they write down ten; for one burst of nature twenty; for one loud cheer fifty! And yet withal there is in the reality enough of truth to mock hyperbole. But no wonder—Jenny Lind is irresistible! See how "The Thunderer" nightly rocks himself on the waves of her sweet singing, and how next morning he flings incense before her altar, exulting in his odoriferous employ. The lion will not devour the spotless virgin, and "The Thunderer" crouches before the Swedish maid. She looks at him, and his eyelids

close; she pats him on the mane, and he slumbers; she caresses him, and he has dreams of elysium; she gently wakes him, and he carries her on his sinewy back to glory and to triumph! Oh, cunning maid, that Io-like, hast learned to sooth "The Thunderer!" But none escapes—even Punch himself, the downy-feathered, spear-tongued railer, whose glance is sharp steel, whose smile is bitter myrrh, has been discovered blubbering; he has shed a tear, and owns it in half a sonnet. Peruse his solemn verse:—

"Not oft I give a sentimental squeak,
Nor deal in homage; but thou hast,
Fair maid, drawn wooden tears down Punch's cheek,
And that is an achievement vast.
Thus, therefore, doth he bare his crown,
And throw him at thy footstool down,
Hoping that thou wilt smile at him this week."

Thus you see there is no outlet from her influence. Jenny Lind has put salt upon the public tail and has fairly caught the public. Here, we suspect, is her secret. She is the people's own. She looks at the mob, as the beauty at the beast, and moved by the tears that run silently down its rough ungainly cheeks, yearns towards it as towards an honest ugly friend. Jenny Lind has wedded the multitude, and from the union has sprung her universal popularity. The crowd regards her with the eye of a protector. The feeling is unanimous. Every man when he goes to hear Jenny Lind goes with a large stick, and the intention of knocking any one down who says she is not the greatest of singers, the greatest of actresses, the simplest and loveliest of maidens. A few miserable heretics, in whose bosoms scepticism sourly reigns, have dared to say, "But—" But no further could they get in their argument:—the faithful to whom it was addressed have turned away in scorn, and left the infidels to munch the bitter cud of their reflections. We know of a son, who was turned out of doors by his father, because he was rash enough to suggest that Jenny Lind's middle notes were not so good as those of her upper register. A husband beat his wife because she affirmed that in the encore of the final air in *Sonnambula*, Jenny Lind made the same ornaments and cadences twice over. "There was not one note the same," said the husband, who knew nothing about music. "Every note was alike both times," insisted the wife, who was an excellent amateur. "You are a fool, my dear," rejoined the husband. "You know nothing of the matter," retorted the wife. And so when they got home, the dispute recommenced over the supper-table, and the husband thrashed his wife. Oh! could the simple "Jenny" have known this or the other circumstance, how would her pretty eyes have opened, and her pretty lips have pouted with dismay! "And this,"—would she have said,—"and this is to be beautiful and great! There is discord in all things that transcend the level. Good

begets evil; evil, good. It were better to be cloaked in mediocrity!"

It would appear that the French critics are jealous of our possession of the fair Jenny. In the *Siccle* of last Saturday, the *feuilletoniste*, Eugene Guinot, a right worthy scribbler, pays himself and his brethren of the Gallic press the following compliment, to our disadvantage, which is the more beautiful from its being (as who will deny?) so thoroughly appropriate:—

"The Prussian singer (Jenny Lind) would willingly give up all the pecuniary advantages of her connection with Her Majesty's Theatre, for a genuine triumph at the Academie Royale (of Paris), for the applause of the Parisian journals, in which artists are spoken of according to their merit, and whose critics praise, without being paid. After the baptism of Parisian success, fortune would follow rapidly. . . . The English give money, not glory."

And the French give glory and not money—is not that it, Monsieur de Guinot? It is as well, however, that we have something to give which is sufficiently attractive to lure the Swedish nightingale to our shores. The French "glory," has been rejected by her with singular contempt. Meyerbeer himself has been unable to make her swallow it. The reason is that it cannot be placed in the funds, bearing interest; and the Swedish clergyman to whom Jenny Lind is said to be betrothed, would doubtless prefer the bank-notes, as more available for the purposes of domestic comfort.

And after all we are not so cold to Jenny; and after all it is not every foreign artist that can achieve a triumph on our stage. We have heard it even whispered that until London has given its verdict a singer's fame is incomplete. Of course this must be a mistake; but we put it to Monsieur de Guinot's candour to explain. We are very modest about these matters, and are ever anxious to be set right.

MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH.

(Continued from page 313.)

Our task is drawing to an end. To describe the numberless impressions received from this great work would take more of our time and space than we are able to afford. It would, nevertheless, be a grateful task, and were there not so many other things that absolutely command our attentive consideration at this eventful period of the musical season we would attempt it, fortified by conviction of the truth of all we should have to say, and mentally assured of the unsurpassable magnificence and beauty of this, the last of Mendelssohn's great efforts. But as matters stand we must hasten to conclude.

After the lovely chorus of comfort and encouragement to Elijah, of which we have spoken in terms of such unmeasured praise, the music assumes a graver and more solemn tone. The end of the prophet's labours is at hand; he has fulfilled his mission. Something more, however, yet remains for him to do. An angel tells him to arise and go to Horeb, the Mount of God, a journey of forty days and forty nights. Elijah, still complaining, declares that he has toiled in vain, and entreats the Lord to manifest his power by his presence. An angel answers him by an exhortation to patience and a promise that his heart's desire shall be fulfilled. A choir of angels sings the promise of redemption to those who shall endure to the end without repining. Elijah at length accomplishes his journey. Night falls around him, and his soul thirsts for the presence of God, as the parched earth for rain. An angel commands him to rise and go up to the mount and there he shall behold the glory of the Lord. Elijah covers his face and anticipates, with eager longing, the divine presence. God passes by and a mighty wind rends the mountain—but the Lord is not in the tempest. God passes by, and the sea

is upheaved and an earthquake shakes the land—but the Lord is not in the earthquake. After the earthquake comes a fire—but the Lord is not in the fire. After the fire "a still small voice—and in that still voice, onward comes the Lord." Above him are the seraphim who sing his praises.

Mendelssohn has comprised the whole of the above in another magnificent picture. First a *contralto* recitative, "Arise Elijah"—then a bass recitative, in which the prophet makes his complaints and his desires manifest—and then an air for *contralto*, "O rest in the Lord." If religion can be made lovelier than itself by musical expression, here is a triumphant example of its powers. The melody is purity itself—the accompaniments calm and devotional. One of the most exquisite points is the *reprise* of the subject in the original key, C major, from the transition into E minor which accompanies the second part of the air. Nothing can be more artlessly beautiful, while, at the same time, it is a fine stroke of art—one of those master-touches with which Mendelssohn so frequently raises an unassuming thought into a high ideal beauty. Who that has heard this delicious melody falling from the lips of the charming Miss Dolby, as soft water from a gentle eminence, and can forget it, must have a heart of lead. The chorus that follows, "He that shall endure to the end," is quite ecclesiastical in character. The theme is composed of long sustained notes, and is worked throughout with great profundity, without the introduction of any extraneous subject. A recitative for Elijah, "Night falleth round me," and another for the angel, "Arise, now get thee without," leads to a chorus in E minor, "Behold! God the Lord passed by." In descriptive magnificence this chorus is surpassed by nothing in the whole oratorio, and equalled by nothing, except the final chorus to the first part, "Thanks be to God." The high voices, sustained by the organ, give out a fine unison passage on the first words, "Behold! God the Lord passed by," and then, a theme of singular originality, developed by the double choir, with close imitations of every phrase, leads by a gradual *crescendo* into the description of the tempest, which afterwards by degrees subsides, and at last dies away into silence, when the chorus sings a characteristic phrase, in full harmony, on the words, "But the Lord was not in the tempest," of which the effect is quite thrilling. The second verse (for this chorus may be said to be in verses) is conducted on nearly the same plan:—the unison passage, the *crescendo* to the earthquake, and the *decrescendo* to the same passage in full harmony on the words, "But the Lord was not in the earthquake." The third verse is more developed. The description of the fire is terrific, the trumpets and trombones beginning *pianissimo* and gradually swelling out into a *fortissimo* at the climax, produce an effect that is positively awful. (The trombones in the last scene of *Don Giovanni* may have suggested this). The phrase on the words, "And yet the Lord was not in the fire," is developed and elaborated with amazing grandeur. The fury of the orchestra and chorus, however, gradually subsides, and the words, "And after the fire there came a still small voice," are introduced by a transition into E major, developing a melody of heavenly beauty, which, with the graceful character of the accompaniments, the violins undulating, like soft breezes, is ravishing to the senses and brings comfort to the heart. We have heard nothing in music to surpass it. After this fine effort of genius, a recitative, "Above Him stood the Seraphim," leads to a very noble quartet and chorus, "Holy, holy, holy, is God the Lord," in which the *corale* form is assumed, and the organ and brass instruments are used with surprising grandeur. Thus ends the gorgeous musical

picture we have attempted to describe, but of which no words can even faintly convey the infinite depth and beauty to those who have not been so lucky as to hear it.

We now approach the climax of this mighty work, which illustrates with tremendous power the sublime passage of scripture involved in the words, "And Elijah walked with God." Angels comfort Elijah with the assurance that his labours have not been vain, for there are yet seven thousand in Israel "who have not bowed down to Baal." Elijah is consoled and glorifies God in thanksgiving. The people praise Elijah for his prophecies and his denunciations, and the awful crisis arrives—Elijah is snatched away to Heaven in a chariot of fire drawn by horses of fire: "And Elijah was not, for God took him!" This is illustrated by a choral recitative in unison, "Go return upon thy way," which is highly grand and impressive—a recitative for Elijah, "I go on my way in the strength of the Lord," followed by an air, "For the mountains depart," a quiet melody in C major, 6-4 measure accompanied exclusively by the stringed instruments and the oboe, to which latter instrument is allotted an *obligato* part, which dialogues exquisitely with the voice. This scene is completed by another magnificent chorus, "Then did Elijah the prophet break forth like a fire," in two parts. The first part is distributed in full harmony for the choir, while the whole strength of the basses is employed in the development of a passage of great energy and character. The second part of the chorus occurs on the words, "And when the Lord would take him away to Heaven, lo! there came a fiery chariot with fiery horses, and he went by a whirlwind to Heaven." These words are expressed with graphic power, and the chorus exhibits from first to last the hand of a master and the invention of a genius.

The remainder of the oratorio is didactic, consisting of comments on the past, glorifications of the Almighty, consolation to the faithful, prophetic allusions, and exhortations to the people to continue in the right faith. The character of the music in this part assumes a staid loftiness and solemn majesty that quite reaches the sublime. The tenor air, "Then shall the righteous shine forth," in A flat, is of a devotional character, streaming with melody as exquisite as might be supposed to issue from the throat of an angel. The harmony and instrumentation are so lovely in their simplicity that it would be a despair for any extent of elaboration to approach their indefinable beauty. A recitative, "Behold, God hath sent Elijah the prophet," leads to a chorus, "But the Lord from the north has raised one," beginning in D minor, in a strain of gloomy grandeur, (the low tones of the oboes again making expression thrice expressive) and ending with a brilliant movement in D major, on the words, "Behold my servant and mine elect," which is quite Handelian in its sublimity. A finely developed passage on the words, "On him the Spirit of God shall rest," recalls a striking feature in the great chorus in E minor from the *Israel* of Handel; but Mendelssohn is so sparing of these reminiscences that when they do occur you welcome them as pleasant examples of his veneration for the great masters and his profound acquaintance with their works.* The unison passage, beginning on the words, "The spirit of wisdom and understanding," is a wonderful combination of character and sublimity, and the whole chorus is finely worked out. Next follows a quartet, in B flat, "O come every one that thirsteth," for the principal

singers. This might almost be pronounced the offspring of the double quartet in the first part, "For he shall give his angels," since it has the same Morzartean flow of melody, the same smooth and unoffending (albeit cunningly artistic) arrangement of the vocal parts, and the same transparent smoothness of the orchestration, which—

"Like golden boats on a sunny sea,"

shines and glitters with perpetual but imperceptible motion. It is, however, a most lovely quartet, and has a touch of Heaven in it that will go home to the heart of every enthusiast for the beautiful. The last chorus "And then shall your light break forth," is in two parts:—the first, a majestic prelude, in D minor, the last on the words, "Lord, our Creator," a splendidly worked fugue, the only example of the severely scholastic style of writing which the entire oratorio presents. The development of this fugue is magnificent—the *pedale* preceding the end, in which the subject is treated with close imitation, preparing the mind admirably for the climax to one of the most transcendent efforts of the human mind.

We shall, in our next, conclude this brief analysis, with some general remarks, in which we shall endeavour to convey our impressions of *Elijah* as a work of art, our opinion of the position it must occupy among the masterpieces of all time, and of the influence it cannot fail to have in giving an entirely new tone to the loftiest branch of musical composition—the ecclesiastical, as developed in its highest phase—the oratorio.

(To be concluded in our next)

MUSIC AT BERMUDA.

(From the Bermuda Royal Gazette, April, 1847.)

MR. OLIVER'S CONCERT.—Circumstances prevented our being present at Mr. Oliver's Concert at the Town Hall yesterday; we were much pleased to learn that there was a full attendance. We are promised a critical account of the exhibition for our next publication. We, however, can now say, as the opinion of the best authority in the room, that the performances gave the greatest satisfaction. That Miss Oliver's *débüt* was most successful, but that the piano did not do her justice, not being of sufficient power. The whole was performed with great precision and admirable taste. His Excellency the Governor and Mrs. Elliot kindly patronised the concert. The following is the programme of the music performed:—

Quartet in F, No. 82	-	-	Haydn.
Quartet in E Flat, No. 2	-	-	Mozart.
Quartet in B Flat, No. 6	-	-	Beethoven.
Quartet, "God save the Emperor"	-	-	Haydn.
Quartet in G, No. 2	-	-	Beethoven.

The quartets were for two violins, tenor and violoncello.

THE AFFINITIES.

From the German of Göthe.

Continued from page 329.

PART II.—CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Mittler had come to talk over the matter with Edward, he found him alone, with his head leaning on his right hand, and his arm resting on the table. He seemed to suffer much. "Does your head-ache again trouble you?" asked Mittler. "It does," replied Edward, "and yet I cannot hate it, for it reminds me of Ottilia. Perhaps she herself is also suffering, I think, leaning upon her left arm, and is suffering more than I. And why should I not endure it as she does? These pains to me are wholesome—I may almost say, desirable: for with greater power does the image of her patience, accompanied by all her other qualities, float before

* In the heavenly chorus, "He watching over Israel," we omitted to note a similar reminiscence from the same chorus of Handel, which makes a striking feature in that of Mendelssohn.

my soul; it is only in suffering that we perfectly feel all the great qualities, which are necessary to support it."

When Mittler found his friend so resigned, he was not backward with his mission, which he stated, step by step, in historical order, saying how the thought had arisen with the ladies, and how it had gradually been matured to a plan. Edward scarcely uttered an objection. From the little which he said, might, it seemed, be collected, that he left every thing to the others: his present pain seemed to have rendered him indifferent to everything.

Scarcely, however, was he alone, than he arose, and walked up and down the room. He felt his pain no longer; he was occupied quite out of himself. Even during Mittler's narrative, the imagination of the lover had been warmly excited. He saw Ottilia, but as good as alone, on a well-known path, in a familiar inn, the rooms of which he had often paced. He thought, he considered, or rather, he did not think and consider; he only wished—willed. He must see her—speak to her. Why? Wherefore? What could come of it? Of this there would be no question. He did not resist—he must.

The valet was taken into his confidence, and at once learned the day and night when Ottilia was to set off. The morning dawned; Edward did not delay to go unaccompanied, on horseback, to the place where Ottilia was to pass the night. He reached it too early; the astonished hostess received him with joy; she was indebted to him for much of her domestic happiness. He had obtained a mark of honour for her son, who had shewn himself a brave soldier, by zealously representing to the general the man's act, at which he alone had been present, and thus overcoming the obstacles set up by some ill-wishers. She did not know how to do enough to please him. As quickly as possible, she put to rights her best room, which was, indeed, her wardrobe and store-room at the same time; but he announced to her the arrival of a lady who was to take possession of this apartment, and had a back room, which opened upon the passage, scantily got ready for himself. To the hostess the affair seemed mysterious, and she was pleased to oblige her patron, who appeared very interested and active in this matter. And he—with what feelings did he pass the long time before evening! He looked round the room in which he was to see her; with all its homely singularity, it appeared to him a heavenly abode. What plans did he not devise! Should he surprise Ottilia, or should he prepare her. The latter opinion at last prevailed; he sat down and wrote. She was to receive the following epistle.

EDWARD TO OTTILIA.

"Whilst thou readest this letter, my best beloved, I am near thee. Thou must not be alarmed—must not terrify thyself; thou hast nothing to fear from me. I will not intrude upon thee. Thou shalt not see me till thou thyself permittest it.

"First consider thine own situation and mine. How much do I thank thee, that thou intendest to take no decisive step; but still this one is important enough: do not take it. Here, on a sort of cross-road, consider once more. Canst thou be mine? wilt thou be mine? Oh! thou wilt confer on all of us a great blessing—on me an inestimable one.

"Let me see thee again—see thee again with joy. Let me ask thee the beautiful question with my lips, and do thou answer it with thy lovely self. Come to my bosom, Ottilia, here, where thou hast often reposed, and to which thou ever belongest."

Whilst he was writing, he was seized with the feeling that that which he most desired was approaching, and would soon be in his presence. "At that door she will enter—this letter she will read—she, for whose appearance I have so often longed, will actually stand before me as formerly. Will she still be the same? Has her form—have her feelings changed?" He still held the pen in his hand, he wished to write as he thought, but the carriage rattled into the court-yard. With rapid pen he added the words, "I hear thee coming. For a moment, fare thee well."

He folded the letter, and directed it; there was no time to seal it. He sprang into the room, by which he could afterwards reach the passage, and at the instant it struck him that he had left his watch and seals upon the table. She ought not to see them first. He darted back, and succeeded in taking them away. From the ante-room he already heard the hostess, who approached the apartment to shew it to her guest. He hastened towards the

room-door, but it was closed. On hurrying in, he had shaken down the key, which lay inside; the lock had snapped, and he was held fast. He pressed violently against the door, but it did not yield. Oh, how did he wish to slip like a spirit through the crevices! In vain. He concealed his face against the door-post. Ottilia entered,—the hostess, as she observed him, withdrew. Even from Ottilia he could not remain concealed for a moment. He turned towards her, and thus once more were the lovers face to face in the most singular manner. She looked at him calmly and seriously, without advancing or retiring; and when he made a movement to approach her, she went some steps back, as far as the table. He also again receded. "Ottilia," he cried, "let me break this fearful silence! Are we only shadows that stand facing each other? But, above all, hear me. It is a chance that thou now findest me here. By thee lies a letter, which should have prepared thee. Read it, I entreat thee,—read it, and then resolve as thou canst."

She looked down upon the letter, and after some hesitation, took it up, opened it, and read it. Without any alteration of manner, she read it through, put it softly down, and then pressed together the palms of her hands, which she had lifted up, brought them towards her heart, while she bent slightly forward,* and looked on the urgent, importunate lover with such a glance, that he felt compelled to desist from everything that he could wish or desire. This movement rent his very heart. He could not support the sight, the attitude of Ottilia. It seemed completely as though she would fall on her knees, if he persisted. He rushed out at the door in despair, and sent the hostess to the lovely girl.

He walked up and down in the anteroom; night had set in, and all was quiet in the chamber. At last the hostess came out, bringing with her the key. The good woman was afflicted—overpowered—she did not know what to do. At last, as she was going she offered the key to Edward, who refused it. She left the light, and withdrew.

Edward, in a deep torpor, threw himself on the threshold of Ottilia's door, which he watered with his tears. Never, perhaps, did a pair of lovers, so near each other, pass a night in greater wretchedness.

Day broke; the coachman drove up; the hostess opened the door, and entered the chamber. She found Ottilia sleeping, but not undressed; she went back and beckoned to Edward with a sympathising smile. Both approached the sleeping one; but this sight also Edward was unable to support. The hostess did not venture to awaken the reposing girl, but seated herself opposite. At last, Ottilia opened her beautiful eyes, and stood upright. She refuses breakfast, and now Edward appears before her. He earnestly entreats her to speak only one word,—to declare her will; he swears that her will is his own—but she is silent. Again he asks her lovingly and urgently, whether she will be his? How charmingly, with downcast eyes, does she motion her head to a soft "No!" He asks whether she will go to the school? She signifies the negative with indifference. But when he asks her whether he may take her back to Charlotte? she answers in the affirmative with an inclination of the head, expressive of consolation. He hastens to the window to give orders to the coachman, but Ottilia, from behind him, has dashed like lightning out of the room, down the stairs, and into the carriage. The coachman takes the way back towards the castle; Edmund, at some distance follows on horseback.

PART II.—CHAPTER XVII.

How astonished was Charlotte when she saw Ottilia coming first, and Edmund springing immediately after her into the court-yard of the castle. She hastened to the door. Ottilia alights, and approaches with Edward. With fervour and force she takes the hands of the married pair, presses them together, and hurries to her room. Edward throws his arms round Charlotte's neck, and is dissolved in tears. He cannot explain himself; he begs her to have patience with him—to assist—to help Ottilia. Charlotte hastens to Ottilia's room, and shudders as she enters it. It was completely cleared out, and only the bare walls remained. It

* It will be remembered that just at the beginning of the romance, this position is described by the school-assistant as one of Ottilia's peculiarities.—Translator.

appeared as spacious as it was melancholy. Everything had been taken away, except the chest, which, as no one had resolved where to put it, had been left in the room. Ottilia lay upon the ground, with her head and arms extended over the chest. Charlotte busied herself about her, asks what has happened, and obtains no answer.

She leaves the servant, who brings restoratives, with Ottilia, and hastens to Edward. She finds him in the drawing-room, but he also gives her no information. He throws himself at her feet, bathes her hand in tears, flies to his room, and as she is about to follow him, she is met by the valet, who enlightens her to the best of his power. The rest she imagines, and then, with resolution, thinks what is required for the immediate moment. Ottilia's room is put to rights again as speedily as possible. Edward has found all his things, even to the last sheet of paper, just as he left them.

The three seem once more to be reconciled to each other, but Ottilia continues to be silent, and Edward can do nothing but entreat his wife to have patience, though he seems without it himself. Charlotte sends messengers to Mittler and to the Major. The former was not to be found—the latter arrives. To him Edward pours forth his heart; to him he confides the smallest circumstance; and thus Charlotte learns what has happened,—what has so strangely changed the position, and excited the feelings of the parties.

She talks most affectionately to her husband. She can make no other request, except that the girl may not be disturbed at present. Edward feels the worth, the love, the reason of his wife, but he is solely governed by his inclination. Charlotte gives him hopes; promises to consent to a separation. He does not believe her; he is so heart-sick, that hope and belief leave him by turns; he urges Charlotte to promise her hand to the Major; a sort of mad gloom has taken possession of him. Charlotte, to appease him, to entertain him, does what he requires. She promises her hand to the Major, in the event of Ottilia consenting to an union with Edward, but, under the express condition, that for the present time, the two men shall take a journey together. The Major has a foreign mission for his Court, and Edward promises to accompany him. Preparations are made, and new calmness is produced, for, at least, something is going on.

In the meanwhile, it can be observed that Ottilia rarely takes anything to eat or drink, while she constantly maintains her silence. If she is spoken to she seems pained, and therefore the attempt is abandoned. For we have not generally the weakness of wishing to torment persons, even for their own good. Charlotte thought over every means, till at last she hit upon the notion of letting the assistant come from the school. He had much influence over Ottilia, and had expressed himself very kindly on the subject of her unexpected non-appearance; but he had received no answer.

Not to surprise Ottilia, they mention this plan in her presence. She seems not to consent; she reflects; at last, a resolution seems to be matured in her; she hastens to her room, and, before the evening, sent the following address to the assembled party:—

"OTILIA TO THE FRIENDS.

"Why, my dear friends, should I expressly say, what of itself is obvious? I have stepped out of my path, and I am not to return into it. A hostile demon, which has gained power over me, seems to hinder me from without, even if I had returned to unity within myself.

"Quite firm was my resolution to renounce Edward, and withdraw myself from him. I hoped not to meet him again. It has proved otherwise; he stood before me, even against his own will. My promise not to enter into conversation with him, I have perhaps taken and interpreted too literally. According to the feeling and conscience of the moment, I was silent. I was dumb before my friend, and now I have nothing more to say. By a strict vow, which perhaps is painful to those who make it deliberately, I have bound myself, being accidentally urged by my feelings. Let me adhere to it as long as my heart commands me. Call in no middle person. Do not press me to speak, or to take more nourishment than I strictly require. By indulgence and patience, help me through this time. I am young, and youth revives unexpectedly. Suffer me in your presence, cheer me with your love, instruct me with your conversation, but leave my inmost feelings to myself."

The long-prepared journey of the men did not take place, on

account of the delay in the Major's foreign business. And how desirable was this for Edward! Being excited anew by Ottilia's letter, being again encouraged and justified in resolute perseverance by her hope-inspiring words, he declared at once that he would not quit the place. "How foolish it would be," he exclaimed, "deliberately and prematurely to cast away that which is most necessary and indispensable, that which perhaps might be retained, even if the loss of it were threatened. And for what? Only that a person may seem to be able to will and choose. Thus have I, overcome by this silly conceit, often torn myself away from my friends hours, nay, days, too early, in order not to be decisively forced by the last inevitable term. But this time I will remain. Why should I remove myself? Is she not already removed from me? I have no notion of clasping her hand—of pressing her to my heart; I dare not even think of it; it inspires me with horror. She has not taken herself away from me, but has elevated herself above me."

And so he remained—as he wished—as he was obliged. But nothing could equal the pleasure he felt, when he found himself in her company. And the same feeling remained with her, and she could not withdraw herself from this happy necessity. Now, as before, they exercised one upon another an indescribable, almost magical power of attraction. They lived under the same roof, and even without exactly thinking of each other, busied with other matters, and drawn in different directions of society, they mutually approximated. If they found themselves in one room, it was not long before they were standing or sitting close together. Only the nearest proximity could satisfy them, and that completely—proximity was enough. There was no necessity for a look, a word, a gesture, a touch,—but the mere being together sufficed. Then they were not two persons, but only one single person, in unconscious perfect felicity, contented with himself and the world. Nay, if one of the two had been kept fast at one end of the building, the other, of his own accord, without design, would gradually have moved in that direction. Life was to them a riddle, the solution of which they only found with each other.

Ottilia was perfectly cheerful and composed, so that one might be perfectly easy on her account. She withdrew but little from the company, though she gained the point of taking her meals alone. No one but Nanny waited upon her.

What ordinarily happens to every man, is repeated oftener than is believed, because his nature immediately determines it. Character, individuality, inclination, direction, locality, surrounding objects, and habits, form together a whole, in which every man floats as in an element,—an atmosphere, in which alone he feels comfortable and at his ease. And thus, after many years, we are astonished to find men, about whose changeableness so many complaints are made, still unchanged and unchangeable, in spite of infinite incitements both within and without.

Thus also in the daily intercourse of our friends did nearly every thing again move in the old track. Still did Ottilia, by many a kind action, express her obliging disposition; and thus was it with every one, according to his peculiarity. In this manner, the domestic circle appeared as a phantom of its former life, and the fancy that all was still as it used to be, was excusable.

The autumn days, like the spring days in length, called the party at the same hour from the open air into the house. The adornments of fruit and flowers, which are peculiar to this time, occasioned the belief that this was the autumn of that first spring—the intervening time had fallen into oblivion. For now flowers were blooming of the kind that had been sown on these first days; now fruits ripened on the trees, which had then been seen in blossom.

The Major came and went at intervals; Mittler, too, was more often to be seen. The evening sittings were generally regular. Edward usually read; and with more animation, more feeling, better, nay, more cheerfully, if you will, than ever. It was as if he wished both by joyousness and feeling to give new life to the torpor of Ottilia—to dissolve her silence. As before, he sat so that she could look into his book, nay, he was uneasy, distracted, if she did not look into it, if he was not certain that she followed his words with her eyes.

Every unpleasant, unhappy feeling of the intervening time was extinguished. No one grudged anything to another; every kind of bitterness had vanished. The Major accompanied on the violin

Charlotte's playing on the piano, while Edward's flute, again, as before, accorded with Otilia's treatment of the keyed instrument. Thus did Edward's birthday approach, which they had failed to solemnize in the preceding year. On this occasion it was to be celebrated, without festivity, by quiet friendly enjoyment. Thus, half tacitly, half expressly, had all come again to an understanding. But the nearer this epoch approached, the more was increased the solemnity in Otilia's nature, which had hitherto been more felt than observed. She seemed often to review the flowers in the garden; she had signified to the gardener that he was to spare the summer-plants of all kinds, and particularly insisted on the chinas, which bloomed this year in unusual abundance.

(To be concluded in our next.)

. To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

No. XXXVI.

If there be any mourning for the soul,
Let that of blackest hue round mine be twin'd,
And let it so enwrap both heart and mind,
That I may stand apart from the great whole.
Let ev'ry hour and minute o'er me roll,
Leaving no trace of joy or grief behind;
Let me, within mine own dark sphere confin'd,
Rest undisturb'd—free from the world's control.
Rest, do I call it?—Oh! can that be rest,
When its own core the soul unceasing gnaws,
By mem'ry's lamp, as a sepulchral light?—
Aye, be it so, till, by its pain oppress'd,
My soul its narrow confines closer draws,
And then forgets itself in endless night.—N. D.

MADemoiselle DENAIN.

OUR excellent contributor, J. de C., who supplies us with notices of the French plays, has frequently bestowed warm encomiums on the talent of this charming actress, who, now that she is on the point of leaving us, to return to her duties at the *Comédie Française*, demands a word or two of special notice. Mdlle. Denain belongs to that class of dramatic art which perhaps is the most difficult to sustain with credit—*genteel comedy*. Nature has gifted her with a face and figure that singularly fit her for the line she has chosen. Her features are delicate though well marked, and full of a certain quiet expression which enables her to indicate by a look or a word more than the most energetic gestures could possibly convey. She is exceedingly handsome; and when she smiles, her whole countenance beams with an intelligence that is almost seraphic. Her figure is slight but well proportioned. Her deportment is lady-like and dignified. Jules Janin, the celebrated dramatic critic, in a letter addressed to us privately, pronounces her the worthy successor of Mdlle. Mars, whose great parts she is destined to preserve upon the stage. Since her arrival here, Mdlle. Denain has had few parts to play which are precisely in her peculiar walk, the advent of the popular and admirable comedian, Regnier, having necessitated the representation of a number of *petite comedies* in which he is so inimitable. But Mdlle. Denain, with the ease that only belongs to perfect art, has made herself quite at home in these pieces, and we doubt whether the excellent Regnier was ever supported with more decided efficiency. Nevertheless, Mdlle. Denain found occasion, at her benefit on Wednesday, to introduce to the public a three-act drama, in which she sustains a *role* that may be regarded as one of her triumphs. The drama is *La Marquise de Senneterre*, by MM. Melesville and Ch. Duverger, in which Mdlle. Denain personates the character of Henriette, the heroine. Her acting in this part is one of the most finished and elegant histrionic efforts we

have witnessed at the French plays. In the first scenes, where, as the simple confiding country-wife, she comes to the celebrated courtesan, Marion Delorme, to consult her as to the best means of reestablishing the tottering affections of her truant husband, her voice, manner, and gestures are consummately natural. Nothing can be more thoroughly delicious than the *naïveté* with which she puts the question to Marion, and the childish astonishment with which she listens to her expositions of the world's vanity and heartlessness. You behold her gradually imbibing the lessons of the arch-coquette, who tells her that there is no such thing as *heart* in the world; that a husband's neglect must be answered by a wife's disdain; that *les femmes s'embrassent et s'enlèvent leurs amans*; and a hundred such moral axioms. When at last, an accomplished scholar, she practises the lessons of her instructress, and, as the brilliant and pleasure-courting woman of the world, she outshines the notorious Marion herself, beats her on her own territory, and robs her of both her lovers, her acting was worthy of a Jordan, a Duncan, or a Plessy. Her bye play is admirable, full of point, and sustained with undiminished brilliancy. The dashing, fascinating, spiritual, and heartless creature of fashion is portrayed to the life. With eyes flashing intelligence, voice thrilling with animation, and frame throbbing with the mere delight of being—of living—she walks across the scene like one of those joyous queens of comedy, who, of yore, delighted our fathers in the witty masterpieces of Congreve. Every word had its point; every gesture, its signification. Who could wonder that she turned the heads of all the courtiers? Who could wonder that she vanquished the egotism of Cinq Mars himself, the very emperor of coxcombs? Who could wonder that she brought her faithless husband to her feet, and made him forget Marion Delorme, and everything else in the world, except the wife whom he had neglected and misunderstood? But this was not all. The pathos of those moments, when alone, trembling at the precipice on which she stood; doubtful of the success of her assumed character; doating on her husband, while affecting to disdain him; irritably jealous of every woman that spoke to him; were as full of pathos and womanly tenderness, as the other situations were dazzling and impressive. In short, we have seldom been more delighted by a *comédienne* of the French school, than by Mdlle. Denain, in *Henriette Marquise de Senneterre*.

In taking leave of Mdlle. Denain, whose absence will be regretted by all lovers of legitimate comedy, it is our duty and our pleasure to thank Mr. Mitchell, the indefatigable lessee of the St. James's Theatre, for having introduced us to so charming a specimen of the school of our near neighbours, pleasant friends, and ancient enemies, the French. Let us hope that next season Mdlle. Denain's visit will be longer, and that we shall have more frequent occasion to criticise her in her best parts. On Tuesday, unhappily, she quits the white shores of Albion for her native France. The director of the *Comédie Française* will not trust her to us any longer—jealous, no doubt, of our possessing one of the brightest stars of his great company.

Meanwhile, we pledge a cup to her health, prosperity, and speedy return to England. Having once seen her, the *habitués* of Mr. Mitchell's elegant theatre will look for Mdlle. Denain as regularly and as anxiously as for the month of May, when the still modest sun loves most to shine upon the lovely face of woman. Come back, then, quiet, beautiful Denain! The arms of merry England will remain outstretched, to welcome you next spring.

MUSIC IN DUBLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

MAY 25. 1847.—Madame Anna Bishop is still creating the greatest sensation here. She is such an universal favourite that it will be hard for any *prima donna* to please after her in this "land of song." By her extraordinary talent, Madame Bishop has kept our theatre open at a period when public and theatrical affairs were a most gloomy aspect. She sang four times last week at the spacious Music Hall, just erected by Mr. Drewett. No less than two thousand people congregated in one evening to listen to the warbling of the English Nightingale, who is the sole attraction of the performances, which are simply varied by some songs by Mr. P. Corri, and an occasional pianoforte *fantasia* by the talented accompanist, Mr. Willy. This week Anna Bishop sings three times more at the Hall. She is engaged also for a Grand Concert at the Rotunda, which takes place, Thursday, the 27th instant. On the 28th she performs at our theatre for a benefit, and Saturday, 29th, she starts for Cork and Limerick. She will then, probably, return, for a few days, to Dublin, in the middle of June. Several concert directors and managers are already on the *qui vive* to engage her before she returns to London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Two events of importance have occurred since our last:—the *rentrée* of Carlotta Grisi, and the appearance of Jenny Lind in another of her great parts—that of Maria in Donizetti's *La Figlia del Regimento*.

On Saturday the performances began with *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with the same cast as usual. *En passant*, we may say that Castellani, in Lucia, sang extremely well and acted with grace and sensibility, and that Fraschini, in Edgardo, made a greater impression on the audience than hitherto, confirming us in the notion we have already advanced, that a chronic lethargy of temperament is the only barrier to the young tenor's exertions. This, except when broken down by rare moments of enthusiasm, deprives him of the command of one half of his natural resources. Fraschini, it is fair to presume, lacks energy of character. In no other way can we account for the cramp—so to express it—that sometimes robs his powers of development, and encloses him, as it were, in an iron cage of mediocrity, in which his artistic talent can neither stand erect, nor lie horizontally, nor sit composedly, nor run at leisure—a sort of spiritualization of the state of Cardinal Balue, who, in the time of Louis XI. of France, invented a cage, with the conditions above specified, as a new method of torment, and was confined in it himself by the crafty, cruel, superstitious, and bigoted monarch, for the space of twelve years. Fraschini is Cardinal Balue—his lethargy the iron cage of his own fashioning. Who is the Louis XI. that puts him into it we have not decided, as time presses, space pushes, and we are not at leisure to complete the simile. Suffice it that Fraschini occasionally gets out of the cage—as on Saturday night—and is then a wholly different man from his ordinary self. Why does he not summon up strength to emancipate himself in perpetuity? Where there is a will there is surely a way.

But the great solemnity (as the French critics term it,) of this Saturday evening was the *rentrée* of CARLOTTA GRISI in her famous part of Esmeralda, which, through her absence from Her Majesty's Theatre, during the whole of last season, has been a dead letter to the public since 1845. The charming *danseuse* was never more charming. The hearty burst of welcome that greeted her from all parts of the house, as she came tripping on the stage, light as a feather, seemed at first to astonish her. Did Carlotta think that the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre had forgotten her? Did she imagine them so fickle—so ungrateful? That graceful form that bends and

undulates, like tender trees beneath the kisses of the southern wind; those twinkling feet that radiate in imperceptible evolutions; that gentle spirit which plays upon them both, as the wind upon the harp of *Æolus*, making them discourse a music that ravishes the eye as the melody of Mozart enchants the ear; that sloping neck, fair as the swan's, soft as the dove's; those long white arms outstretched, which seem like paths that lead to happiness; those beamy-bending eyes to which the soul's desires rush as impetuously as comets to the sun:—were they to be forgotten in twelve fleeting months? Not by those, at least, in whose bosoms reign the sympathies that yearn for all the lovely truths which poesy can tell! And they were not forgotten. The cheers that acknowledged the presence of Carlotta, in whose being they are cumulated, as the infinitesimal parts that make one gracious whole, proved that the audience of Saturday night was of one mind—and that was all for her, the peerless Esmeralda. These were redoubled, over and over again, as she threaded the coquettish mazes of the *Truandaise*, followed by little wing-footed Perrot, whose vain attempts to catch her were as the heart's pursuit of an unbodied joy—a joy that once dwelt somewhere but is now homeless, and flits about, happy and content, as a butterfly that has emerged from the chrysalis, its "antenatal tomb." The *Truandaise* was re-demanded with acclamations, and repeated with new graces, new combinations of arch-coquetry and innocent simplicity, at once the most refined and the most natural. In the same scene Carlotta's playful manner and light frolicsome step, when she dances with childish exultation at the possession of the scarf of Phœbus, was received with loud expressions of delight. The scene with Gringoire, in the second *tableau* (Esmeralda's home!) where the innocent Bohemian teaches the egotistical poet the secrets of that art by which she gains her living, was another enchanting display of natural grace and perfect art. The applause was incessant, never flagging from the beginning to the end of the scene. The third *tableau* (the palace of Fleur de Lys) offers the only occasion for Carlotta to display those marvels of Terpsichorean agility for which some of her competitors, despairing to equal her in those unaffected beauties that spring like wild-flowers from her fertile being, have won deserved celebrity. But here, once more, Carlotta proved herself the accomplished mistress of her art. The ease with which she achieved the complex elaborations of this elegant step—the *Pas de la Esmeralda*—made them seem like the simplest matters possible. Carlotta performs incredible difficulties with such an utter absence of effort, that any one looking on would fancy herself capable of doing the like, until—as in the classic instance of Phœton, who rashly thought to guide the horses of Apollo, in the absence of their driver—the failure would follow in the track of the attempt, as swiftly as the rolling thunder the unseen steps of the lightning, and the daring intruder tumble from the chariot of presumption into the empty space of incompetency. In execution Carlotta combines the Ellelerian rapidity of step with the Taglionian grace of gesture. Nothing is too difficult for her, and yet she never seems to be wrestling with a difficulty. The *Pas de la Esmeralda* was followed by acclamations of applause. It was a triumph of legitimate art worthy of ranking with the loftiest achievements of choreography.

But it is not only as a dancer that Carlotta shines. As an actress (or *mimist*, to speak in dialect-Terpsichorean) she equally excels. Her Esmeralda is a great dramatic effort. The lovely creation of the poet Hugo is there before you, and every attribute with which he has endowed it. No accompaniment of music or of poetry could render it more eloquently

true. Carlotta looks the Esmeralda to perfection. Her small and well-formed head; her fine and quaintly-expressive features, that glow with the baby-look of unconscious innocence; her exquisitely-proportioned form, and the grace and infinite meaning of her every movement and gesture, are precisely what Victor Hugo has portrayed in his magnificent romance. She is the child of nature, that walks among guilty men and guilty things without being defiled; the inborn goodness of her heart, the native gracefulness of her mind, making her incapable of comprehending, much less of sympathising with, aught but what is beautiful and true. Her's is the aspiring soul that flies to unknown Heaven; her's is the gushing-heart that melts at the appeal of sorrow. A thing to dream of when the soft-white hands of happiness are pressed upon your eyes and you are lost in the heaven of calm and reposeful slumber; a green spot to remember in your voyage through life's long and dreary desert; an ideal creature, whereof the image will remain with you until you receive your last summons, preserving for ever in some silent corner of the memory—

"The tender grace of a day that is dead."

Such is the Esmeralda of romance, and such is Carlotta Grisi, the Esmeralda of the *ballet*. Look at her, as she moves about the scene, mingling ever and anon among the motley throng, "as a swan trooping with crows;" or in the happy solitude of her own bright presence, flitting here and there like a bit of sunshine that will keep getting in your eyes. Look at her face, beaming with goodness and purity, when she, the beautiful Esmeralda, accepts the graceless Gringoire in marriage, to save him from untimely death; or when she administers the cooling draught to the goaded and excited Quasimodo, her eyes bending with pity, and mercy playing a sweet and silent melody upon her half-open lips; or when grateful and loving she gazes with ecstasy on the unconscious Phœbus, whose iron soul comprehends her not—as the poor idolator worships the image of brass or wood, that is insensible to his homage; or when, under her own humble roof, she repels the advances of the astonished Gringoire, treating him with kindness all the while; or when fleeing from the dark monk Frollo, as a sun-beam from the presence of a cloud; or when bent down with sorrow, crushed with persecution as the innocent flower by the pitiless storm, she yields to the pressure of adverse circumstance, and gently and womanly resigns herself to fate. Look at her in all these positions of the drama and say if Carlotta Grisi be not a great actress as well as a great dancer. It was evident that the audience thought so for we never recollect a *ballet* performance accompanied by such unanimous and incessant demonstrations of enthusiasm. There seemed to be but one feeling of delight at Carlotta's return, the only event which was wanting to consummate the absolute perfection of Mr. Lumley's *ballet-troupe*. The Gringoire of Perrot was an inimitable piece of pantomime, worthy of association with the highest efforts of comedy. If Perrot had not been the greatest of dancers, and the most inventive and graceful of *ballet*-masters, he would have been a Lemaître or a Perlet. Perrot is a genius, and nothing less. He has given us a grotesque view of Victor Hugo's houseless poet, but one overflowing with wit, drollery, and unctuous humour. It was quite a feast to witness the acting of the two—of Perrot and Carlotta—in *la nuit des noces*. It was eloquence itself; every gesture and movement being full of unmistakable meaning. Perrot's dancing was, as usual, inimitable. He affects no wonders now—but he makes the beholders wonder at the ease and grace with which he accomplishes them, with such apparent unconsciousness.

His *Truandaise* and *Pas de la Esmeralda* (both with Carlotta) were the perfection of choregraphic art. Perrot was received with that warmth which is due to his great merits, and his acting excited constant laughter and applause. Jenny Lind was present, and was one of the most zealous applauders of Carlotta's grace, and one of the keenest relishers of Perrot's mercurial humour. The *ballet* was presented in a complete and satisfactory condition. The charming music of Pugnî (the most attractive that has proceeded from his pen) was excellently played by the orchestra, under Nadaud's direction, and the characteristic incidental dances were all executed most satisfactorily. We must not pass over, without praise, M. Gosselin's admirable impersonation of the monk Frollo, quite a piece of acting in its way, nor St. Leon's manly bearing, exhibited in the character of Phœbus. At the end of the *ballet* Carlotta Grisi was re-called upon the stage, and was led on by Perrot. The audience seemed never tired of manifesting the satisfaction they felt at once more beholding the charming and incomparable Esmeralda.

On Tuesday Jenny Lind triumphed anew in *La Sonnambula*, and Carlotta Grisi again delighted us in *Esmeralda*. In the opera we remarked that Mdle. Lind introduced several new and charming cadences and *floriture*. The house was literally crammed to suffocation. Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present.

On Thursday, Donizetti's *Figlia de la Reggimento* was produced, with Mdle. Lind as Maria. As we were present at the Royal Italian Opera, (*Don Giovanni* being performed, of which our *collaborateur*, D. R., has elsewhere rendered account), we must defer our notice of this new essay of Mdle. Lind until next week. We understand the house was densely crowded, and that the National Anthem was sung after the opera, Mdle. Lind taking part in it. The Queen and Prince Albert, and all the stars of the drawing-room were present.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday the *Barbiere* was announced, but was postponed in consequence of the illness of Madame Persiani. *Puritani* was substituted. There was some novelty in the performance, inasmuch as Marini played Georgio, the role he was originally cast for, and Tamburini assumed his own part of Riccardo. The opera was completely done. Marini achieved a great success. He came out in the old *Puritan* with more force than on any previous occasion, and proved himself one of the finest *bassi profondi* who have been heard in this country for a long while. The duet in the second act between him and Tamburini obtained an encore and a recall. Mario and Grisi were both in fine voice, and sang splendidly. What we have said of the performance as a whole in a former number will apply here. The greatest care has been bestowed on the getting up of the *Puritani*, the scenery and dresses being extremely splendid. We cannot refrain from highly commending the attention paid to the minutest scenic details at the Royal Italian Opera. In the first scene of the *Puritani*, during the symphony or introductory music, the sun is seen to rise; the light breaks slowly over the sea, and reveals a distant view of the French coast—the various shades of light are managed with great effect—the guard is relieved, and soldiers pass across the stage, the whole giving a reality to the scene which we have rarely witnessed on any stage. This is certainly making the most of situation. After the opera, the new *ballet La Salamandrine* was performed, to which we now hasten to devote a few lines, according to promises laid down in our last week's number; first giving

the argument of the story, as taken from the *affiche* of the Royal Italian Opera.

Giulio (M. Petipa), a young Sicilian peasant, returns from hunting, to the cottage where resides Nina (Mlle. Fanny Elssler), to whom he is betrothed. She reproaches him with his ill-success in the chase, and so ridicules his *mal-adresse*, that he returns to the mountain. Still his ill-fortune pursues him, until, wearied with his march, he determines to enter into the crater of Etna, and cull a bouquet of certain flowers which grow in its sulphurous soil. These flowers, according to an old Sicilian superstition, are under the protection of the Salamandrines—spirits of fire, who are supposed to inhabit the burning mountain. With this fatal gift, he returns to Nina. She is alarmed; at first refuses the present; but at last accepts it. Immediately she is overcome by a heavy sleep, and sinks senseless upon a bank. She dreams that she climbs the mountain to restore the flowers, that a storm arises, and she shelters herself beneath a tree. The tree is struck by lightning; she is killed; while Hecla (Mlle. Dumilatre) appears in the midst of the burning tree. Nina continues to dream that she is transformed into a Salamandrine, and seeks Giulio while he sleeps beside a fire under a shed, where he is passing the night. The Spirits of Fire interpose and drag her away, and, at the very instant they are descending with her into the volcano, she awakes, and finds that she has dreamed.

The story as above told is certainly not carried clearly out in the ballet. The first scene is exceedingly beautiful, and the daybreak on Mount Etna and the surrounding country is managed with unusual effect. The first scene exhibits the *mime* powers of Fanny Elssler to admiration. No artist in the world, terpsichorean, histrionic, or operatic, can surpass the captivating Fanny in personifying the airs and graces of a coquettish maiden. The dances belonging to this portion of the ballet are not very striking, if we except one *pas* by Fanny Elssler, given with all the power of the great artist. During the first tableaux her performance and gestures might well form studies for the actor and the sculptor. Every attitude had an express meaning, and was instinct with grace; whilst every motion was as easy and natural, as though it were a spontaneous effort exercised by no art. In the second tableau, the interior of Etna, the effect of the scene was entirely spoiled by giving too much light from the chandelier, thereby nullifying the red and mysterious glare that at first signified the abode of the Salamanders. This was a great mistake. The dancing of Fanny Elssler and Dumilatre in this scene was admirable; but the groupings of the choreographic corps discovered nothing new, and the dances themselves were not super-excellent. Elssler, Dumilatre and M. Petipa were loudly applauded in a *pas de trois* of some merit, and the *Meisemoiselles* Neodot, Bretin and O'Bryan were received with much favour in a subsequent *pas*. The third tableau presented nothing very striking or effective. M. Petipa and Mlle. Fanny Elssler, performed a *pas de deux* in which they were loudly applauded. The *pas de deux* (we don't like the expression) of the gracious Fanny, brought down thunders of applause. We did not observe the interposition of the spirits of fire, and their dragging away Nina, as so impressively mentioned in the *affiche*. The sum of all our criticism amounts to thus much, that the *Salamandrine* is a very splendid ballet in some respects, but that it is on the whole inefficient, or ineffective; that some of the scenery is beautiful; that the music is horribly boisterous, loud enough to kill deafness itself; that the story is not well conceived and indifferently followed out on the stage; that the dancing of Fanny Elssler and Dumilatre is exquisite, and that of Petipa very good; that all the ladies of the corps are capital individually, but so—so collectively—in fine, that there is much to be lauded and something to be found fault with. So much for the new ballet *La Salamandrine*.

On Tuesday the *Lucrezia Borgia* was given for the fourth time. The performance was magnificent—nay, almost fault-

less. The chorus in the first scene was encored, as was also the grand trio in the second act, most exquisitely given by Grisi, Mario, and Tamburini. As a matter of course, Alboni was encored twice in "*Il segreto per esser*;" the house cheering most vociferously at the end of the second repeat. The *Salamandrine* followed, which calls for no particular notice. We must now hasten to a task more in consonance with our sympathies than any thing that has devolved on us in our critical duties since we commenced reviewing the performances of the Royal Italian Opera. It is indeed a labour of love to write about Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, one of the world's *chef-d'œuvres*.

The announcement of *Don Giovanni* by the Royal Italian Opera company, raised the greatest expectations in the public mind. The style of splendour and completeness in which the *Semiramide*, *Puritani*, and the *Lucrezia Borgia* were produced, led to the anticipation that Mozart's immortal work, involving so great a cast of characters and so much magnificence in the scenic details, while it demanded the highest capabilities of the band, would surpass all that had gone before. Great as these expectations were, they were not lowered a jot in the minds of all those who witnessed the *Don Giovanni*, at the Royal Italian Opera, on Thursday evening. An immense concourse of people had assembled to do homage to the mightiest lyrical production of all times, and long before Signor Costa appeared in the orchestra, the house was filled in every part. Before proceeding to speak of the performance, we shall give a list of the parts personified.

Donna Anna	MADAME GRISI.
Zerlina	MADAME PERSIANI.
Elvira	MADLE CORBARI.
Don Ottavio	SIGNOR MARIO.
Il Commendatore	SIGNOR TAGLIAFICO.
Mazetto	SIGNOR P. LEY.
Leporello	SIGNOR ROVERE.
Don Giovanni	SIGNOR TAMBURINI.

The overture displayed the powers of the band to perfection. It was played in a manner we have rarely, if ever heard, and the *nuances* were given with the greatest care by Signor Costa. We have only one word to chronicle of the conductor on Thursday evening, viz., praise—nay, let it be two words, exceeding praise, and the compliment will be more befitting the merits of Signor Costa. We never heard *Don Giovanni* before interpreted throughout in so masterly and complete a manner; and certainly much of this, if not all, is due to the untiring efforts of the *Chef*. The band was faultless, and the chorus surpassing all eulogy. The finale to the first part was given with a power, and certainty we had never previously heard. The effect was quite electrical, and obtained a loud encore from all parts of the house, to which the chorus, very properly, did not respond. With this general comment on the band and singers, we hasten to notice the principal artists. The part of Leporello would, *a priori*, seem almost fatal to a singer who should attempt it in this country after Lablache; but Signor Rovere played and sung the part so well as entirely to do away with any ungenerous comparisons. His Leporello was acted with great spirit, and his humour did not for one moment border on the farcical. In the statue scene he was capital, and though highly comic, did not injure the effect of the scene with any display of extravagant fun. Altogether, Signor Rovere pleased us much in Leporello. We shall recur to his performance in a second notice. Mademoiselle Corbari was the best Elvira we have seen since Mademoiselle Sophie Loewe performed the part some years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre. She gave the

"Ah! che mi dici mai," very beautifully, and sang her share in the trio and terzetto in the second act, with great effect. This lady bids fair, before very long, to occupy no inferior position in the Operatic world. The improvement she has made since last year is remarkable. Madame Persiani's Zerlina is well known as an exceeding graceful and elegant performance. Her singing the music of the part is beautiful, but hardly Mozartean. She was encored with Tamburini in "La ci darem," and in the "Batti, batti," and "Vedrai carino." Signor Ley cannot hope to attain any particular fame by his performance of Mazetto. His voice is powerful, but the quality is not remarkable for expression. His acting was better than his singing. Signor Tagliafico was the best Commendatore we ever heard. He was positively great in the magnificent scene in the last act. The tremendous duet between him and Tamburini was given with most thrilling effect. Grisi's Donna Anna was superlatively grand. It is perhaps her greatest part. Her first scena over her father's dead body was beautiful in the extreme. The scene where she discovers *Don Giovanni* to be her betrayer called forth all her highest tragic powers. The scena, "Or sai che l'indegno," was as magnificent an instance of acting and singing as ever we witnessed. Grisi was recalled after this splendid artistic display. We were delighted with the introduction of the "Non mi dir," which should never be omitted from the performance of *Don Giovanni*. Grisi sang it exquisitely, and did not wander for one instant from the integrity of the text. All praise to the gifted child of Italia for her heartfelt reverence of the divine German musician. Tamburini's *Don Giovanni* is one of the most complete and splendid performances ever seen on the stage. Whether we behold him in the first scene killing a man in a duel, and making sport of the catastrophe; or in the scene with Elvira, when he disguises his feelings, and feigns a continuance of his old passion; or with Zerlina, when he pours forth a melody of love in such a manner, as would endanger the heart of old Saturn's wife herself; or with Donna Anna and Ottavio, when the accomplished cavalier is transparent in every attitude and motion; or in the ball-scene, where he plays the host with unsurpassed grace and dignity; or when, detected by the guests in his attempt on Zerlina, and they threaten him with their vengeance, he looks at them with a calmness perfectly in unison with the fearlessness of his character, till, stung by their threats, he turns on them like a stag at bay; or in the scene in the churchyard, where he treats with levity the warning of the statue, and invites it to supper; or, in fine, in the last scene, when he stands before the ghost undaunted, unmoved, viewing him like one that dared to look upon the devil himself and winced not, until a sudden thrill of agony and despair passed through his frame, when he gives his hand to the statue, and feels the supernatural influence—we feel that Tamburini is an artist of the most singular power, high conception, and lofty endowments. His last scene may rank among the greatest performances of past and present times. The singing of the great artist was equal to his best days. He obtained an encore with Persiani in "La ci darem." He was also called on to repeat, "Fin chan dal vino," which he gave with immense spirit, and narrowly escaped an encore in the serenade, "Deh vieni alla finestra," which he sang with the greatest purity and expression. We owe our gratitude to Signor Tamburini for the restoration to the score of the aria, "Meta di voi," which he gave with great taste. In the ball-scene, a novel effect was produced by having the minuet danced, according to the intention of the composer, by two

dancers, after the mode of the period. Mlles. Fanny Elssler and Dumilatre, the former assuming the gentleman, danced the minuet so captivatingly, that they elicited a rapturous encore. The dancing of the two charming artists was graceful in the extreme. It is impossible to call to mind all the encores and all the recalls. We remember all the artists appearing after the first act, Grisi being recalled after "Or che sai," and Tamburini coming on at the end amid a hurricane of applause. There was but one feeling in the house regarding the performance, and that was one of intense delight. The National Anthem was given at the end of the opera, it being the Queen's birth-day. Grisi and Persiani taking the solos. The evening concluded with the ballet of *La Salamandrine*.—D.R.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ADELPHI.—Madame Celeste took her benefit on Wednesday evening, and had, as she so well deserved, a bumper house. Mr. Webster, on the occasion, came expressly to play for her in a new piece entitled *Flying Colours; or, Crossing the Frontier*. The piece is evidently a translation from the French, and the version is excellently well done. The plot rests entirely on the shoulders of Celeste, Webster, and Miss Woolgar, and famously these artists carried it through. The situations are excellent, and the author has shown much stage tact and good judgment in his construction of the piece. The acting of Madame Celeste was charming in the extreme, and elicited rapturous applause. We have seldom seen the fair artist in a part more befitting the graces, *naïveté*, and piquancy of her style. Mr. Webster had a capital character to sustain, and performed it with all his usual artistic skill. Miss Woolgar was admirable likewise. *Flying Colours; or, Crossing the Frontier*, will certainly have a long run at the Adelphi. The dresses, decorations, and scenery were on the usual scale of splendour for which this theatre has long been celebrated. The principal artists were called on at the end amid great enthusiasm.

FRENCH PLAYS.—*L'Enfant trouvé* is an amusing comédietta of Picard's, the only fault of which is its being spun out into three acts, when two at most would have amply sufficed for the matter contained therein. Without being hypercritical, we expect something more than a mere *charge* in three acts.—We enter upon the field of pure comedy, and we are consequently disposed to be more serious, and not entirely sacrifice our sense to our risible faculties. Laying aside the extravagance of the plot, the piece is neatly worded, and artistically put together, without betraying any symptoms of dullness or patchiness. The orphan is a M. Saint Jules, and is about to be married to a certain Henriette, whose relations, although professing the utmost liberality as regards family and connexions, insist upon knowing something of the family of the young man. This sets Delbar's wits to work to manufacture him a father and mother; and he consequently pitches upon Castleville, an old bachelor, to enact the part of the father, and upon Mademoiselle Dubrosserac to play that of the mother. He works alternately upon their imagination, their feelings, and their cupidity, and eventually persuades them that they are the real father and mother. They themselves get married, and the young man obtains his bride. M. Regnier was the soul of the piece, and, as usual carried the house by storm. The scenes in which he persuades the old bachelor and the old maid that they are the young man's real parents—mixing up truth and invention in such manner as to make them dubious as to whether the thing might not be, after all, as he states—were highly humorous, and, although rather eccentric, irresistibly amusing: that, also, in which he persuades the two to

marry, kept the house in convulsions. M. Regnier was as mercurial as ever. M. Curtigny was admirable as the old bachelor, and drew largely upon the laughter of his audience. Madame Grassau deserves praise for her execution of the old maid; and Madlle. Vallée was, as usual, charming in the small part of Henriette. Molière's farce of *Les Précieuses Ridicules* has also been played several times this week, but not with that degree of success which the great name and reputation of the author would seem to command. Although M. Regnier is the best representative of the Scapins, the Sganarelles, and the Mascarilles now on the French stage, there is a certain heaviness in the action, a tediousness in the language, which no art can dispel. We are inclined to think, that the fault lies more in the author than the actor; for the same reflections have often been forced upon us, even when Monrose was at the apogée of his fame, than whom a better Scapin or Crispin never trod the boards of any theatre. We must not be supposed to refer to the more serious works of the great dramatist—they are imperishable—but merely to his lighter productions. The ridicules of Molière's time have undergone a total change:—an attack upon medicine and doctors, on blue-stockings and pretentious damsels, the fine language of the fops of the seventeenth century, find no echo in our times; even the expressions are antiquated, the exclamations out of date; the manners, habits, customs essentially different; the use of the cudgel is now no longer tolerated—in short, the dresses themselves contribute a great deal to dispel the illusion, and make the actors seem to be uttering sentiments in which they do not participate, or at any rate for which we have no sympathy. Mademoiselle Denain took her benefit on Wednesday—we believe that M. Regnier's takes place next Wednesday—so that we may soon expect another change of actors. M. Bouffé is announced, and we hail his arrival with pleasure.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WE REGRET to learn that Mr. Jones Whitworth, of whose successful career the Italian journals have, from time to time, given such favourable accounts, has been prevented, by illness, from accepting the engagements offered him at the Philharmonic and at the Ancient Concerts on the nights of the Archbishop of York and Earl Howe.

THE ATLAS.—In complaining of the length of Rossini's *Semiramide*, the musical critic of this paper observes:—"Some castigation of the composer is absolutely necessary in the performance of this opera." Does he mean that Rossini should be thrashed on the stage every night *Semiramide* is performed? Or does he intend to insinuate that the "Swan of Pesaro" merits a whacking for having written so long and dull an opera. If the latter be his meaning what would this severe writer award to "Young Verdi," for the composition of *Nine* and *Ernani*? We should say, the cat-o'-nine-tails, at the very least.

HERR FISCHER has returned from Stuttgart in Bavaria where he went to wait upon the Emperor of Russia, who was there for a short period.

DR. SPOHR.—The arrival of Dr. Spohr, in London, to fulfil his engagement with the Sacred Harmonic Society, is expected during the first week in July. We are not aware what works of this great master's will be performed, but, believe that the *Crucifixion* and the *Fall of Babylon* will be amongst the number. We anticipate a more satisfactory performance of these works than we have hitherto had the opportunity of hearing, from the circumstance of the band and chorus having lately had such good drilling from Men-

delssohn, during the getting up and performance of the *Elijah*. We hope, and believe, that a new spirit has been infused into this band of amateurs, from the exertion of that great artist, and it will be the fault of those in office if this spirit is allowed to retrograde.

MR. FRENCH FLOWERS.—By a letter, from Berlin, we hear that the Earl of Westmoreland has expressed his entire approval of this professor's treatise on fugue.

MISS GRANT.—This vocalist has returned to town after an absence of some time in the Provinces, where she has been singing with great success in many places. We hope to hear her at some of the London Concerts this season, so that we may judge of her progress.

SIGNOR SCHIRA has been appointed Professor of Singing at the Royal Academy of Music.

MR. JOHN BALSIE CHATTERTON.—We are happy to inform our readers that this amiable and excellent professor has been appointed, by royal command, harpist to Her Majesty the Queen.

LEICESTER SQUARE.—The project of erecting a new theatre in this locale has been abandoned. The ground, which had been fixed upon, is now let for other purposes.

BIRMINGHAM.—(Extract from a Letter.) Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was, as you know, performed in Birmingham some time ago, and immense posters were stuck on the walls to that effect; since which equally large bills have been issued by the *Odd Fellows*, for a Whitsun Trip by Rail, to Worcester, Gloucester, and Bristol, and back next day: these have been pasted on the *Elijah* bills, but not covering the lower part of them; it reads thus:—"The *Odd Fellows* of Birmingham will make an extraordinary Trip to Worcester, Gloucester, and Bristol, returning next day. Leader:—MR. WILLY: Conductor:—DR. MENDELSSOHN."

NEW MUSIC HALL, DUBLIN.—A spacious Music Hall has just been built in Dublin. The proprietor, Mr. Drewet, is determined to give concerts on a grand scale. He has already prevailed on Madame Bishop to retard her departure from Dublin, and has engaged her for six concerts. This engagement, and visits to Cork and Limerick, will delay the arrival of Madame Bishop in London, for some weeks.

MR. HENRY PHILLIPS, has been giving his entertainment with great success, at Hull, Driffield, Birmingham, and Chester, at each place he had crowded audiences, and was received with the greatest favour.

THE MISSES KENNETH.—These young and rising vocalists are rapidly making themselves a name in the provinces. At Manchester they have been singing with the greatest success at the *Athæneum* concert, and at the concert of the *Philharmonic Institution*. The Misses Kenneth have also been playing at the Theatre Royal, in Weber's opera of *Oberon*, in which their performances have obtained the warm approval of the Manchester press. The *Manchester Examiner*, which we have before us, speaks in the highest terms of the talent of both these young ladies, whom we trust, ere long to have an opportunity of criticising ourselves—at the concerts or theatres of the metropolis.

CURIOUS LAW OF SOUND.—The effect of two or more reciprocating bodies upon a sound is curious. An experiment occurs to us which showed it forcibly. When one of two ordinary drinking glasses (each of which emitted the note C when a tuning-fork was applied to them) was held horizontally and the other perpendicularly with the lips of each in contact, and a tuning-fork was placed at the intersection, THE SOUND CEASED, and when they were held perpendicularly to the tuning-fork (mouth over mouth), the sound was doubled. This may involve the reason why some cross-churches are very bad for hearing in.—*The Builder*.

M. VIEUXTEMPS, the great violinist, has departed from London being engaged on a continental tour.

MR. ROBERT SIDNEY PRATTEN, the flautist, has arrived from Prague. The German Journals speak very loudly in praise of his powers on the flute.

CHEAP PIANOFORTE.—Cheapness is extending, like a new sunrise, over all the branches of the arts and sciences. We paid a visit, last week, to Warren's Pianoforte Manufactory, Leadenhall Street, and were much surprised to find a capital new instrument, purchasable at *twenty guineas*. We also saw some Piccolos, very superiorly made, at *eighteen guineas*. This is cheapness with a vengeance, and must ensure an extraordinary sale. We should like to know whence Mr. Warren's profits can come. Pianofortes new, and really good, at the above prices, is a type of the present antimonopolizing times, when men will sacrifice themselves to outdo their neighbours. We hope Mr. Warren does make a profit.

STANDARD LYRIC DRAMA.—A Prospectus and Specimen Pages of an intended new, cheap, and important musical publication professing to give a more perfect, correct, and elegant edition of the great dramatic works of the great composers, than has been hitherto published has reached us. Each opera will be given with the vocal score in its integrity, and the pianoforte adaptation arranged from the orchestral score. The size of this work will be small *quarto*, and the specimen sent us, exhibits an intention of bestowing great care in the getting up. The projectors have appealed to the public to support them in their undertaking, and are only waiting for an adequate number of subscribers to commence with the first publication. The speculation is one entirely worthy the consideration of all amateurs and musicians, and we therefore heartily recommend such to give it a habitation in their thoughts.

NEW DIATONIC FLUTE.—In a recent number we offered a few remarks on the *Theory of the New Patent Diatonic Flute*, by Mr. Siccama, the inventor of that instrument. We could, at that time, only record our testimony of the ability and the scientific knowledge evinced in the work. A correspondent, who is well-known and regarded as a flute-player, and as a composer for the instrument, writes to us in the following words:—"The improvements proposed by Mr. Siccama's invention, embraces the two points, tone and tune, upon which all melodic effects depend. That these two points are obtained, and in a degree far beyond any flute hitherto produced, is incontestable; while, at the same time, the fingering remains the same as upon the ordinary flute; only with the advantage of copious resources for new fingerings which facilitate passages in the high notes that are complicated and difficult on other flutes. The harmonies are perfectly in tune with the *open* or *natural* notes. The feeble and imperfect E and A of the lower octave are rendered full, and equal with the other notes. The medium and upper octaves are clear and round. The flute is in perfect tune, and does not need those mutations of the performer's embouchure which even an approach to correct intonation has hitherto demanded. Every flute-player, whether in the orchestra the concert-room, or in chamber music, must appreciate the value of an instrument upon which reliance can be placed in point of intonation; and, I am of opinion, that Mr. Siccama's Diatonic Flute only requires a trial to have its excellence acknowledged in this most important feature, as well as its claims to superiority of tone." Consistently with the course, we have found it expedient and necessary to pursue in such matters, we must decline entering, controversially, into the question, or offering any opinion on the merits of the diversity of new flutes, which their zealous inventors are blowing into the ear of musical Europe, like a tube filled by a tornado, each of which can be proved to be vastly superior in tone, tune, and every other requisite to all its competitors.

THE MELODIST'S CLUB.—There was a brilliant meeting of this association at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Tuesday; the gallant Lord Saltoun in the chair, supported by Sir Andrew Barnard. Several foreigners were present, among whom was M. Fiorentino, of *Le Constitutionnel*. They appeared much pleased with the performance of "Non nobis Domine," and other vocal compositions in parts, which were sung in the course of the evening. Signor Marras sang "Come Gentil," and another song, excellently. M. Godefroid performed a *Studio*, followed by the *Danse des Sylphes*, on the harp, in a masterly style, eliciting several rounds of applause.

M. Godefroid justifies all the praise of M. Fiorentino and his Parisian friends. Mr. Richardson played "O dolce couento," with new variations, on the flute, in a brilliant manner, and was accompanied on the piano-forte, by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, who subsequently performed a solo, which was received, as it deserved, with the highest favor. Mr. Parry, the honorary Secretary, announced that he expected the Earl of Westmoreland would arrive in London in time to preside at the last meeting of the club, on the 29th June, when ladies will be introduced to hear musical performances.

CONCERTS.

MR. FREDERICK CHATTERTON'S CONCERT took place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Tuesday morning before a full and fashionable audience. Among the artists who assisted we most noticed Mdle. Jenny Lutzer, whose singing of "Der Erl Konig," was excellent; the Misses Williams, whose beautiful voices blended as usual most harmoniously; Miss Bassano, who gave proof of the good effects of her Italian campaign; Miss Sabilla Novello, always welcome in a concert-room, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Seguin, and Signor and Madame F. Lablache, all right good artists. Among the instrumentalists, Mr. Carte deserves especial mention for the excellent and artistic style in which he performed his flute solo, and Miss Kate Loder and Miss Day's brilliant performance of Wallace's clever and effective duet, for two pianofortes, from *L'Eclair*, deserved all the applause so liberally bestowed upon them. Three juvenile pupils of Mr. F. Chatterton, the eldest apparently not having numbered five years, created a great deal of interest from the manner in which they got through their "grand march for three gothic harps". Mr. F. Chatterton's harp performances are too well-known and appreciated to need comment now; we must, however, mention, that he played in his usual brilliant and effective style and received his customary tribute of applause.

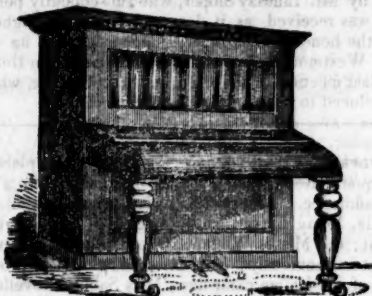
MR. MÜHLENFELDT'S.—Press of matter has hitherto prevented us from attending to the concert of this deserving and excellent musician. Mr. Mühlendorf exhibited his accustomed taste for classical music in the disposition of his programme. His best effort was in Beethoven's trio in E flat, where, accompanied by M.M. Sainton and Rousselot, he sustained the pianoforte part with brilliant effect. Mr. Mühlendorf also displayed his execution and taste as a pianist to great advantage in a clever *andante di bravura* of his own composition, and in a duet for harp and piano, with the intelligent Madame D'Eichthal, both performers were entitled to the highest approbation. M. Sainton played an *air varié* (Piscek's popular "Standard bearer") on the violin in first-rate style. The composition is his own, and is creditable to his taste and acquirements. Madame D'Eichthal was also greatly successful in a solo on the harp. This lady is harpist to the Empress of Austria and the Queen of the Belgians, and honourably supports the distinction. The vocalists were Misses S. Novello and E. Nelson, Madame Jenny Lutzer, Madame Santa Croce, and Madame Macfarren, Herr Brandt, and Signor Salli. We have no space for detail, but must mention a very nice song, "Rastlose liebe," sung by Herr Brandt, and a German song, most expressively interpreted by Madame Macfarren, the composition of her husband, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, and quite a bit of genius. We specialise these, as they were novelties. With a word for Mr. Lockey's graceful reading of a *rondo* from Spohr's *Jessonda*, we must conclude—adding that Mr. Mühlendorf played other pieces, both in conjunction with his clever instrumental co-operators, Sainton and Rousselot, and by himself. Mr. C. Horsley conducted with his usual ability. The concert, though intolerably long, gave entire satisfaction to a very full audience, who testified their pleasure by the warm and repeated applause with which they honoured Mr. Mühlendorf and his brother and sister artists.

NOTICE.

IN consequence of press of matter we are compelled to defer, till our next, Reviews of the Concerts of Signor Brizzi, and others. A notice of Mr. Horn's *Daniel's Prophecy*; a review of Schulhoff's Pianoforte Works; Macready at the Princess's; Mr. Webster's Analysis of the Human Voice; and other matters, must also stand over. These are all in type, but as we are not as big as *The Times*, our readers must kindly bear with the occasional disappointment which is necessitated by the constrained compass in which we are confined.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Warren's 20 Guinea Cottage Piano-Fortes



ARE NOW SELLING AT THE

Manufactory, 71, Leadenhall Street

(Removed from 1 and 2, Liverpool Street, Bishopsgate Street.)

These Instruments are well manufactured of the best seasoned wood, FINE FULL TONE AND GOOD TOUCH. A two years warranty given with each instrument. ESTABLISHED TWENTY-ONE YEARS. The only house in London where a good sound instrument can be obtained at the above low price, (for cash only). SMALL PROFIT AND QUICK RETURNS!

JOHN WARREN, 71, Leadenhall St., opposite Aldgate Pump.

To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, and the British Army and Navy.

J. KOHLER'S NEW PATENT LEVER INSTRUMENTS.

J. KOHLER having brought to perfection and obtained Her Majesty's Letters Patent for the above invention, which he has applied to the CORNOPEAN, TRUMPET, CORNETTO, TROMBONES, and FRENCH HORNS, he can now with great confidence, after an experience of Five years in bringing the action to its present state of perfection, recommend them to Her Majesty's Army and Navy, and all Professors and Amateurs. The advantages that this Patent gives to these Instruments are:—

1. All the Tones and Semitones produced by the Patent Lever are quite as perfect as the Natural Notes on the Instrument.
2. The intervals on the DIATONIC and CHROMATIC Scales are perfect, the compass greater, and the most rapid and difficult passages may be performed with a precision, freedom, and fulness of tone, and comparative ease to the performer.

3. Combinations in harmony, which never before could be performed at all by any Brass Instruments, may now be executed with perfect ease, and Ten or Twelve Instruments on this principle can produce a more rich and sonorous effect than Twenty Four could do on the old principles. The harshness of tone in the former Brass Instruments is entirely done away with, and a set of these Instruments heard together, produces Military and harmonious effects never before heard.

These Instruments are now in use in HER MAJESTY'S PRIVATE BAND, FIRST LIFE GUARDS, ROYAL HORSE GUARDS, GRENADIER GUARDS, FUSILIER GUARDS, ROYAL ARTILLERY, 60TH ROYAL RIFLES, &c.

Testimonials, Drawings, and Prices, forwarded on application to J. KOHLER'S Manufactory, 35, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, London.

**Koenig's Journal for the Cornet and Pistons,
And CORNET and PIANOFORTE.**

The 13th number of this popular Work will appear on the 1st of June, being the first number of the second year's subscription, and will contain, in addition to a careful selection of the best works of ancient and modern composers, Auber's celebrated Barcarolle; trio from Nabuco, Verdi; Jenny Lind Waltz, Koenig, &c. Terms of subscription for Cornet and Pianoforte per annum, £2 2s.; for Cornet Solo per annum, £1 1s.; for which each subscriber will receive 12 numbers, one of which will be published on the 1st of every month.

Persons wishing to complete their sets for the first year, are requested to apply for the back numbers without delay to

**Jullien's Royal Musical Conservatory, 214, Regent-street,
and 45, King-street.**

**MR. & MRS. W. H. SEGUIN'S
ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT**

is fixed to take place

On TUESDAY, the 8th of JUNE,

At the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, under the immediate Patronage of

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE.

at which the following Artists will appear:—

Mesdames Doras Gras, Birch, Dolby, W. H. Seguin, Clair Hennelle, Duval, F. Lablache, Herr Tschek, Signori F. Lablache, Brizzi, Messrs. W. H. Seguin, John Parry, and Mr. Wilson (the eminent Scotch Vocalist, who will sing two of his popular "SONGS OF SCOTLAND," Mr. J. Balaun Chatterton, Mr. Distin and his Four Sons, Messrs. B. Richards and Kiallmark.

Conductor, Mr. KIALLMARK.

Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; Reserved Seats, 15s., to be had of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. SEGUIN, 43, Curzon-street, May Fair.

WILSON'S SCOTTISH ENTERTAINMENTS,**First Night of the Songs of the Ettrick Shepherd,**

On MONDAY, May 31, at Eight o'clock,

AT THE MUSIC HALL, STORE STREET.

"Donald M'Donald"—"O, Jennie there's naething to fear ye"—"Come o'er the stream Charlie"—"Why weeps yon Highland Maid"—"Buddy Fraser"—"The Stuarts of Appin"—"The Skylark"—"When the Kye come home"—"Come row the boat"—"Lock the door, Lariston"—After which, "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch"—"Last May a braw wooer"—"The wae fu' hear"—"Lizzie Lindsay."

Mr. WILSON will give an Entertainment at CROSBY HALL on TUESDAY, the 1st of June.

Mr. MOSCHELES.—A NEW DOUBLE DUET,

For Eight Hands and Two Pianofortes, composed expressly by that eminent artist, will be performed, for the first time, by

Messrs. WILLMERS, SCHULHOFF, KUHN, and BENEDICT, of

M. BENEDICT'S MORNING CONCERT,

IN THE

Great Concert Room of Her Majesty's Theatre,

On MONDAY, JUNE 14th,

Where the most celebrated artists of Her Majesty's Theatre will also appear, in conjunction with all the available talent then in town. Immediate application is solicited for Boxes, and a few remaining Stalls, at all the principal Music Sellers and Libraries, and of M. BENEDICT, 2, Manchester square.

CRATIS! CRATIS! CRATIS!

Every Person who shall subscribe for

THE DISPATCH

During the Month of June next,

WILL BE PRESENTED WITH A FINELY ENGRAVED

PORTRAIT OF ELIZA COOK.

"The poems of Miss COOK are national property. There is hardly a homestead in the land where her name and her contributions to the DISPATCH are not familiar as household words. Apart from the powerful and brilliant talent with which the DISPATCH is conducted, this handsome and acceptable present to its fifty or sixty thousand readers, cannot fail to be appreciated."—*Liverpool Chronicle*, May 8, 1847.

The likeness of this Poetic Genius, by Trantschold, is most striking, and the Engraving is by ADLARD, in the first style of the art.

An Edition of the DISPATCH is published at Five o'clock every Saturday morning, for transmission by the First Trains and Morning Mails, so that persons residing in towns 250 miles from London may receive it the same evening.

This Edition contains the London Markets of the week, including those held on Friday; also the spirited Letters of PUBLICOLA, CAUSTIC, and CENSORIUS; and frequently original Poems by Miss ELIZA COOK.

Persons desirous of being supplied with the WEEKLY DISPATCH, may give their orders and pay their subscriptions to any News Agent; or to Mr. RICHARD WOOD, at the DISPATCH OFFICE, 139, FLEET-STREET, LONDON, who, by a remittance of 2s., or Postage Stamps to that amount, will supply the DISPATCH throughout June next.

The Terms for the DISPATCH are, per Quarter . . . 7s. 0d.

Per Year, in Advance . . . £1 6s. 0d.

Ditto on Credit, payable by reference in London £1 10s. 0d.

N.B.—A beautiful Frame, of an original character, in imitation of oak branches and foliage, interspersed with medallions illustrative of Miss COOK's Works, has been prepared by an artist of considerable talent, and which can be had at twenty shillings each. Arrangements have also been made with respectable manufacturers to supply elegant Frames, at prices varying from 3s. to 25s., and any Subscriber to the DISPATCH may, by transmitting to Mr. WOOD the sum for the Frame he wishes to obtain, be supplied with the same.

MR. HENRY WYLDE

HAS THE HONOUR TO ANNOUNCE THAT HIS

ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT

will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS,

On TUESDAY, the 15th June,

to commence at Two o'clock precisely, on which occasion he will be assisted by the following eminent Artists—Mesdames JENNY LUTZER, and A. & M. WILLIAMS; Mr. JOHN PARRY, and HERR FISCHER. Pianoforte, Mr. HENRY WYLDE; Violin, HERR JOACHIM. The Orchestra will be numerous and complete in every department. Conductor, Mr. LUCAS.

Reserved Seats and Tickets may be had at all the principal Music Warehouses.



MESSRS. COCKS & CO.'S NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

NEW FOREIGN PIANO FORTE MUSIC, BY SCHULHOFF.

Four Mazurkas, Op. 5, each 2s.; Valse, Op. 6, solo, 4s.; ditto duet, 5s.; Deux Pensées Fugitives, Op. 16, 3s.; Galop di Bravura, Op. 17, 4s.; Deux Styriennes Originales et une Mazurka, Op. 18, 3 books, each 2s.; Nocturne, Op. 19, 3s.; second Valse, Op. 20, 3s. N.B.—This eminent artist has just arrived in London.

THE RUSAL DANCES, BY LABITZKY.

Performed at Her Majesty's State Ball, &c.; Morgenland Walzer, Rusaika Galop, Hyacinth Polka, Victoria Walzer, Cambridge Walzer, Chinese Galop, and the Tunnel Walzer, for the piano, each 3s., by Strauss; Herz Tone, Themis Klänge, Bouquet and Landlitch Sütllich Walzer, each 3s.; Strauss New Polka, and Eisele and Beisele ditto.

RARE MUSICAL PRESENTS.—Oratorios for Piano & Voice.

The Messiah, from Mozart's score, by John Bishop, 15s.; the Creation, by John Bishop, 15s.; the Seasons, by Clementi, 21s.; Beethoven's Mount of Olives, by J. Warren, 12s.; Rossini's Stabat Mater, by ditto, 15s. The most eminent professors have pronounced the above editions to be far superior to all others extant.

NEW FLUTE SOLOS

FORDE'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MELODY.

3,050, airs selected from the works of the most celebrated authors, 150 books, each 6d.; or in six vols., whole cloth boards, 12s. each. Nicholson's Beauties, complete in four vols., half-calf, price £3 13s. 6d. (formerly price £6 6s.); or in 48 books, 2s. 6d. Clinton's Essays, or New Instruction Book for the Boehm Flute, 9s.; Drouet's Method, 15s.; Dressler's ditto, 9s.; Berbiguier's do., 12s.; and 2,000 other works for the flute. Catalogues gratis & postage free.

NEW FLUTE AND PIANO MUSIC.

FORDE'S L'ANIMA DELL' OPERA.

Sets 1 to 26, or in 78 numbers, each 3s.; Nicholson's 13 Fantasias, each 4s. and 5s.; his Social Pieces, six books, each 5s.—two flutes and piano; Forde's L'Anima Trios, 36 books, each 4s.—trios for flute, piano, and violoncello; Forde's Three Amateurs, 36 books, each 4s.; Ressler's Eight Trios for ditto, each 8s.; Haydn's Twelve Grand Symphonies for piano, flute violin, and bass, by Czerny, each 4s.; Mozart's six do. for do., by Clementi, each 8s. N.B.—Gratis and postage free, Catalogue of New Flute Music.

VERY EASY MUSIC FOR SCHOOLS, FOR THE PIANO.

Craven's Musée du Pianiste, 12 airs, including Die Elfin, Duetsche Lust Walzer, Ditto Weber's last Walz, &c., each 1s.; Craven's 12 Italian airs, to follow the above, each 1s.; Craven's Two Friends, 12 Piano Duets, each 1s.; Hamilton's Piano Tutor, with 30 airs and preludes, figured by Czerny, 4s.; his Dictionary of 2,500 Musical Terms, with their signification in English, 1s.; Clarke's Catechism of Music, 1s.; Hamilton's Miniature Course of Harmony and Composition, 5 vols., 2s. and 3s. each; and Clare's Psalmody, 40 Psalms and Hymns, with Chants, 3s.

VIOLIN MUSIC.—The VIOLIN, being an Account of that leading Instrument, and its most eminent Professors.

By GEORGE DUBOURG, Esq.

Third edition, price 5s. Contents:—Preface—Origin of the Violin—The Italian School—Paganini—The French School—The German School—The English School—Amateur—Female Performers—On the Construction, &c. of the Violin—Anecdotes, &c. Also, just published, Spohr's Great School, by Bishop, 31s. 6d.; Campagnoli's ditto, by John Bishop, 24s.; Paganini's Method, 12s.; Rode's ditto, 10s. 6d.; Hamilton's Catechisms; where may be had 100 Violins, price from one guinea to 50 guineas each, and a catalogue of new violin music, gratis.

ROYAL PIANOFORTE SALON.

Superior PICCOLO & COTTAGE PIANO FORTES, Nos. 1 to 7, Manufactured by R. Cocks and Co., 6, Burlington Street, London, Music Sellers to the Queen.

"These pianofortes are remarkable for the beauty and equality of their tone, the facility of their touch, and their extremely elegant exterior. They have the advantage of being firmly and compactly made, of the best seasoned materials, and of keeping well in tune for an unusual length of time."—*Musical World*, Dec. 11, 1845. "It is our candid opinion that for workmanship and quality throughout, together with the extreme reasonableness of the prices, these pianofortes cannot be surpassed."—*Dramatic and Musical Review*, Jan. 24, 1846. N.B. A list of prices and other particulars to be had gratis, postage free. Seven of Erard's harps, and a hundred pianos for sale or hire, on very moderate terms, including several grand squares by Messrs. Collard and Collard, and Messrs Broadwood.

Messrs. COCKS & Co., 6, Burlington Street, London.

JULES SCHULHOFF'S

PIANOFORTE WORKS,

PUBLISHED BY

WESSEL & CO.

229, REGENT STREET, CORNER OF HANOVER STREET.

- | No. | | a. d. |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. | "Prague," Allegro br. dedicated to Chopin, in C | Op. 1. 4 0 |
| 2. | "Le Zephir," Romance | in Ab. Op. 2. 2 0 |
| 3. | "La Najade," Melodie | in B major, Op. 2. 2 0 |
| (Performed by the Composer at Mr. WALLACE's Concert with the greatest success.) | | |
| 4. | "Elegie," Marcia funèbre | in G minor, Op. 2. 2 0 |
| 5. | "Andante et Etude de Concert," | in A flat. Op. 3. 3 6 |
| 6. | "Toplitz-Polka" | in A flat. Op. 4. 1 6 |
| 7. | "Carlsbad-Polka," | in F sharp minor, Op. 4. 2 0 |
| 8. | "Les Mandello," Mazurkas | 1st set, Op. 5. 3 0 |
| 9. | Idem. Idem | 2nd set, Op. 5. 3 0 |
| 10. | "Victoria," Valse brillante | in A flat, Op. 6. 4 0 |
| | Idem as Piano-Duet | Op. 6. 5 0 |
| 11. | Premier Scherzo, | in A minor, Op. 7. 2 6 |
| 12. | Second ditto | in D♭. Op. 7. 4 0 |
| 13. | "Confidence," | 1st Impromptu in G flat, Op. 8. 1 6 |
| 14. | "Chanson a boire," | 2nd ditto in B flat, Op. 8. 2 6 |
| 15. | "Barcarolle," | 3rd ditto in A, Op. 8. 2 0 |
| 16. | "Polonia," Mazurka. | No. 3, in A flat, Op. 9. 2 6 |
| 17. | "Polonia," Mazurka, | No. 4, in A minor, Op. 9. 2 0 |
| 18. | Caprice sur des Aïrs Nationaux de Bohème, | in E. flat, Op. 10. 5 0 |
| (Performed by the Composer at MADAME PUZZI's Concert, and enthusiastically encored.) | | |
| 19. | Nocturne ou Romance, | in A flat, Op. 11. 3 0 |
| 20. | "Le Tournol," Grande Etude | in C minor, Op. 12. 2 6 |
| 21. | Douze Etudes, Book 1 } dedicated to { | Op. 13. 4 6 |
| 22. | Ditto ditto, Book 2 } Madame Oury. { | Op. 13. 4 6 |
| 23. | Ditto ditto, Book 3 } | Op. 13. 4 6 |
| 24. | 4me. Impromptu, "La Berceuse," | in A flat, Op. 14. 1 6 |
| 25. | 4me. Impromptu, "La Babilarde," | in C. Op. 14. 2 0 |
| 26. | "Agitato," | in A minor, Op. 15. 4 0 |
| 27. | Overture du Jeune Henri, de Mehul, } in D, | 4 6 |
| (morceaux de Concert) | | |

The celebrity which the Compositions of M. SCHULHOFF enjoy in France and Germany, both as regards originality and elegance, entitles them to the particular notice of all Pianists.

WESSEL & CO., 229, REGENT STREET,

(Corner of Hanover Street).

LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO.

"Chacun tu dies,
Convien partir.
Supplievel al tuo pie.
Chi nasce al rimbombo,
Qui tratio son da l'arme,
Io son un uom del mondo."

And the other vocal music in this beautiful opera is just published in

LA LYRA D'ITALIA,

Which contains all the operatic and national gems of Italy, as sung by Jenny Lind, Alboni, Grisi, Persiani, Mario, Tamburini, Lablache, &c. The whole carefully arranged from the original scores, and provided with elegant English adaptations, in addition to the Italian words, by J. WNEY MOULD. The songs to be had separate, or in a volume elegantly bound, uniform with the Deutsche Lyra. The Overture, pianoforte arrangements, from La Figlia del Reggimento, and a new Polka, by JULLIEN, composed on the principal melodies in the opera, are also published at

Jullien's Royal Musical Conservatory and Circulating Library,
214, Regent Street.

COCKBURN'S

ORIENTAL BOTANICAL PREPARATION,

For removing almost instantaneously cutaneous eruptions, freckles, pimples, spots, and other discolorations of the skin. After one application of the Botanic Extract, which must be used twice a day, a wonderful change will be perceived, and in the course of a few days the complexion will assume a beautiful transparent roseate hue appearance. The extract to apply is of the most agreeable nature, and the first application will prove its wonderful efficacy. Prepared only, and sold wholesale and retail, by the sole proprietor,

GEORGE H. J. COCKBURN, 9, Aldgate, London;

And Barclay and Sons, Farringdon-street, London; in bottles at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. each; also by Sanger, 150, Oxford-street; Keating, St. Paul's Church Yard; Johnson, 68, Cornhill; Hannay and Co., 61, Oxford street; Butler and Co., 4, Cheap-side; Edwards, St. Paul's Churchyard; Froust, 229, Strand; and of all other Chemists and Perfumers in the kingdom.



HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public are respectfully informed, that
A GRAND EXTRA NIGHT
will take place

On THURSDAY NEXT, June 3,
on which occasion

MADLLE JENNY LIND

will appear in one of her Favourite Characters.

To be followed by various Entertainments in the BALLET DEPARTMENT,
combining the talents of Mdle. CARLOTTA GRISI, Mdle. LUCILE GRAHN,
Mdle. ROSATI, and Madlle. CERITO, M. PENROT and M. St. LEON.

The Free List is suspended, the Public Press excepted.

*. Pit Tickets may be obtained as usual at the Theatre, price 10s. 6d. each.
Applications for Boxes, Pit Stalls and Tickets, to be made at the Box-Office at
the Theatre.—Doors open at Seven o'clock; the Opera to commence at Half-past
Seven.

MENDELSSOHN'S
FIRST WALPURGIS NIGHTAND
HANDEL'S ALEXANDER'S FEAST

Will be performed at

EXETER HALL;

On MONDAY EVENING NEXT, MAY 31st,
At Eight o'clock.

Principal Vocal performers:—Miss Birch, Miss Duval, Mr. Manvera, and
Mr. H. Phillips. The Chorus will consist of upwards of Five Hundred
Members of Mr. HULLAH'S Upper Schools. The Orchestra will be complete in
every department. Leader, Mr. WILLY.

Conductor, - - - Mr. JOHN HULLAH.

Tickets—Reserved Seats in Arena, 5s.; Reserved Seats in Western Gallery, 3s.;
Arena, 2s.; may be had of Mr. PARKER, Publisher, 445, West Strand; of the
principal Music Sellers, and at Exeter Hall.

MR. BLAGROVE'S CONCERT,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 9,

Under the immediate Patronage of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN DOWAGER,
H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, and
H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, will take place at the
HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS,

At which Herr Pischek, Mr. John Parry, Miss Birch, Miss Rainforth,
Miss Hastings, the Misses Williams, Sig. Marras, Mr. H. Phillips, Made. Dulcken,
Mr. R. Blagrove, and Mr. Blagrove will perform.

The Orchestra will be conducted by Mr. LUCAS.

Tickets 7s., or four for One Guinea; Stalls 10s. 6d., or four for One Guinea
and a half; to be had of Mr. Blagrove, 3, Store street, and at the Music Shops.

DONIZETTI'S OPERA,

"LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO,"

Arranged for the Pianoforte (in Two Books) by DIABELLI, and as Pianoforte
Duets (in Two Books) by W. WATTS. Also correct editions of the Vocal Music,
and a Fantasia on the favourite airs, by C. OXENRY. Published by R. MILLS,
(late Birchall), 140, New Bond-street.

JOHN BALSIR CHATTERTON,

Harpist (by appointment) to Her Majesty the Queen,

Has just published for the HARP the following new pieces:—

"A Sacred Serenade," "Recollections of Cambridge," "Souvenir de Pischek,"
"Souvenir de l'Opera," on airs from "Beatrice di Tenda," "Gems of National
Melody," "Souvenir de Persiani," "The Soldier's Dream," introducing the air of
"Festal," "Souvenir de Mario," "A Brilliant Fantasia on subjects by Beethoven
and Mendelssohn," "Useful Daily Practice, with Preludes."—For the HARP
and PIANOFORTE, "Grand Hungarian March," "Dussek's celebrated
Sonata in B flat."—ADDISON and HODSON, 210, Regent Street.

D. ALBERT'S QUEEN OF THE BALL WALTZ,

As performed at Her Majesty's State Ball, with a beautiful Illustration by Brandard.
"This waltz promises to rival in popularity the best of Strauss and Julien. It
is particularly adapted to the Valse à Deux-tens." Also the "Helena Polka,"
price 5s., as favourite as the same Author's celebrated Bridal Polka, Two Sets of
Quadrilles from "Robert le Diable," price 3s. each.

CHAPEL, 50, NEW BOND STREET.

ROYAL

ITALIAN OPERA,
COVENT GARDEN.

The Nobility, Gentry, and Subscribers are respectfully informed that a
GRAND EXTRA NIGHT

Will take place

On THURSDAY NEXT, June 3rd,

On which occasion will be performed (in consequence of the numerous enquiries)
for the third time, Mozart's Opera,

"IL DON GIOVANNI,"

Combining a TRIPLE ORCHESTRA and a DOUBLE CHORUS. The
principal Characters by

Madame Grisi, Madame Persiani, Madlle. Corbari,
Signor Mario, Signor Tamburini, Signor Rovere,
Signor Tagliacoco, and Signor Ley.

To render as perfect an ensemble as possible in the opera,
Madlle Fanny Elssler & Madlle Dumilatre will dance in the Minuet.
Conducted by M. COSTA.

To conclude with the new Grand Ballet, entitled

"LA SALAMANDRINE"

Principal characters by Madlle FANNY ELSSLER and Madlle DUMILATRE;
Also Madlle BERTIN, Madlle NEODOT, Madilles DE MELISSA, DELACHAUX,
O'BRYAN, and M. PERITA.

*. Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes, for the Night or Season, to be obtained at the
Box Office, Bow Street, and at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent St.
The doors will be opened at half-past Seven, and the performance commence
at Eight o'clock.

GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

On FRIDAY, JUNE 18th,

when will be performed

ROSSINI'S "STABAT MATER,"

On which occasion Madame GRISI, Madame PERSIANI, Signora CORBARI, and
Mdle. ALBONI, Signor MARIO, Signor SALVI, Signor TAMBURINI, Signor
RONCONI, Signor TAGLIAVICO, and Signor MARINI will sing

A MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT,

In the course of the Morning, ROSSINI'S "LA CARITA," by the
whole strength of the Company.—BEETHOVEN'S "GRAND BATTLE
SYMPHONY," will be performed by the Orchestra, under the direction of
M. COSTA.

Prices of admission, Pit and First Amphitheatre Tickets, 7s.; Pit Stalls, 15s.;
First Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Second Amphitheatre Stalls, 5s.; Grand
Tier Boxes, £4 4s.; Pit and First Tier Boxes, £3 13s. 6d.; Second Tier Boxes,
£2 12s. 6d.; Third Tier Boxes, £2 2s.; Fourth Tier Boxes, £1 11s. 6d.; Second
Amphitheatre Tickets, 3s. 6d.; Gallery Tickets, 2s. 6d.

*. Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes, at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent Street;
and at the Box Office, Bow Street.

MADAME DULCKEN'S

ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT,

On FRIDAY, June 11,

At the ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE,

The following Artistes will appear:—Mesdames Castellani, Jenny Luizer,
Knipel, De Mendi, Hennelle, F. Lablache, Brizzi, Rainforth, Birch, Williams,
and Dorus Gray, Signor Fracchini, Gardoni, Marras, Brizzi, Lablache, Coletti,
F. Lablache; Herren Staudigl, Hoelzel, and Pischek, and Mr. John Parry.—
Instrumental Performers—Madme. Dulcken, Messrs. Schulhoff, Kuhe, Joseph and
George Heilmesberger, Sainton, and Joachim; Signor Ciardi and M. Godefroid.
M. Distins and his sons. Conductors, Messrs. Benedict, Kuhe, and Wallace;
Other engagements with several distinguished Artistes are pending.

Madame Dulcken solicits timely application for Boxes and Stalls, at all the
principal Musicsellers and Libraries, as well as at Madme. Dulcken's residence,
80, Harley-street, Cavendish-square.

London Assurance Corporation,

LIFE, FIRE, and MARINE ASSURANCES,

ESTABLISHED BY ROYAL CHARTER, 1730.

Offices, 7, Royal Exchange, Cornhill, and 10, Regent Street.

This long-established body has recently issued a new Life Prospectus, embracing
a variety of very eligible plans for Life Assurance. The expenses of managing the
Life Department are defrayed by the Corporation, and not taken from the premium
fund. Prospectuses may be had by a personal or written application.

JOHN LAURENCE, SECRETARY.

M. JULLIEN'S Annual Musical Presentation AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY COMBINED.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to submit to the Musical Public of Great Britain and Ireland, an entirely NEW SYSTEM for supplying their Musical requirements.

It has long been a subject of just complaint in the Profession, as well as amongst Amateurs, that in order to become possessed of a moderate proportion of the Musical Novelties of the day, it is necessary to purchase, at a very considerable, and in many cases, at an inconvenient cost, a quantity of Music, which, if it do not prove utterly worthless, is very frequently found on trial, to be unsuited to, or unwished for by, the purchaser, who thus becomes burdened with a considerable expense, while the object he has been seeking remains unattained.

A Musical Circulating Library

would appear in a great measure to obviate these inconveniences; yet there are many who object, and naturally so, to pay a considerable sum annually for the mere loan of Music, not having the power to retain as their own property any one piece which they may wish to possess, without making further payments in addition to their annual subscription.

To meet both these difficulties, M. JULLIEN brings forward this New System, which, supported as it will be by the great resources of his extensive London establishment, as well as by his numerous Continental connections, will, he hopes, afford advantages and facilities to his subscribers, to which no other plan hitherto brought forward has ever laid claim.

M. JULLIEN has formed a complete Circulating Library, and intends every year to establish

A GRAND MUSICAL PRESENTATION,

in which every subscriber will become interested to the full amount of their Annual Subscription—that is to say, M. JULLIEN will present GRATIS to each subscriber Music to the FULL AMOUNT of HIS OR HER Subscription to the Library—such Music to be chosen by the subscribers themselves, and to become their sole property.

For Three Guineas, therefore, a subscriber will be supplied, ON LOAN, with any Music he may wish for, and at the end of the year will be presented with THREE GUINEAS' WORTH, to become his own exclusive property.

In order to facilitate the Subscribers' Selection, M. JULLIEN will furnish a list of the most fashionable and popular Pieces, with the prices attached. This list having been marked and sent into the library, the Subscriber will immediately receive the pieces chosen.

In bringing forward this system, (new to this country,) M. JULLIEN has the satisfaction to reflect that on the continent, where it has been some years in operation, it has had the effect of advancing the interest of the Musical Art in the highest degree.

M. JULLIEN's Library which is the most extensive to be found in England at the present time, possesses the COMPLETE known WORKS of the English, German, Italian, and French Authors, all of which will be at the disposal of the Subscribers.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

- 1.—The Subscription to be always paid at the time of subscribing and at the renewal of every subsequent term.
- 2.—Subscribers resident in London, to be entitled to Six Pieces of Music and one Score at a time; Country Subscribers to Twelve Pieces and Two Scores at a time.
- 3.—To each Subscriber will be presented gratis, at a time of subscribing a Portfolio, for the protection of the Library Music; and at no time, on any consideration, will Music be received, or sent back, unless enclosed in the Portfolio.
- 4.—Should any Music be retained beyond the time subscribed for, the Subscription will continue open, and must be paid for until such Music is returned.
- 5.—All expenses attending Carriage, Postage, &c., to be defrayed by the Subscribers.

ROYAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,
214, REGENT-STREET, AND 45, KING-STREET.

SOVEREIGN Life Assurance Company, No. 5, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON.

Sir A. Brydges Henniker, Bart.
B. Bond Cabbell, Esq., M.P.

Henry Pownall, Esq.
Claude Edward Scott, Esq.

CHAIRMAN, Lieutenant Colonel Lord Arthur Lennox.
DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN, T. C. Granger, Esq., M.P.

Directors.
Henry Broadwood, Esq., M.P.

John Ashburner, Esq., M.D.
T. M. B. Batard, Esq.
Philip P. Blyth, Esq.

Sir James Carmichael, Bart.
Charles Farebrother, Esq., Alderman.
William Tulloh Fraser, Esq.
John Gardiner, Esq.
Aaron Aaher Goldamid, Esq.
Henry William Pownall, Esq.

Assurances on the lives of persons in every station of life and every part of the world, granted on a plan which combines the utmost amount of benefit to the families of the assured *at death*, with every attainable advantage *during life*, which the system of Life Assurance is capable of affording.

Persons wishing to borrow money to enable them to complete the purchase of property, or desiring to pay off existing charges thereon, can, by assuring with this Company, obtain the advance of the full amount of the Policy, repayable by instalments, extended over a period of years, on the advantageous terms explained in the Prospectus.

In case the assured dies during the limited number of years agreed upon, he will not leave his property encumbered with a debt; but, on the contrary, his representatives will be entitled to receive the amount secured by the Policy, after deducting the sums then remaining unpaid. Or, he may at any time, anticipate the payment of the sums still remaining unpaid on favourable terms, and continue the Policy, if he pleases, as an ordinary Life Policy.

ANNUITIES AND ENDOWMENTS on liberal terms.

The usual commission to Solicitors and Agents.

H. D. DAVENPORT, Secretary.

Clerical, Medical, and General LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

DIRECTORS.

JOSEPH MOORE, M.D., Chairman.

GEORGE G. BABINGTON, Esq.

JOHN BLACKALL, M.D.

SIR BENJ. C. BRODIE, BART. F.R.S.

REV. ALFRED B. CLOUGH, M.A.

SAMUEL COOPER, Esq.

JOHN RT. CORNISH, Esq.

REV. THOMAS DALE, M.A.

THOMAS DAVIS, Esq.

JAMES DUNLAP, M.D.

REV. RICHARD GARVEY, M.A.

JOSEPH HENRY GREEN, Esq.

OLIVER HARGREAVE, Esq.

CLEMENT HUE, M.D.

SAMUEL MERRIMAN, M.D.

ANDREW A. MIEVILLE, Esq.

ANDREW SPOTTISWOOD, Esq.

In addition to Assurances on healthy Lives, this Society continues to grant Policies on the Lives of Persons subject to Gout, Asthma, Rupture, and other Diseases, on the payment of a Premium proportioned to the increased risk. The plan of granting Assurances on Invalid Lives originated with this Office in the beginning of 1824.

TABLE OF PREMIUMS FOR ASSURING £100 ON A HEALTHY LIFE.

Age.	For Seven Years at an Annual Payment of	For Fourteen Years, at an Annual Payment of	Life Rate.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
30	1 4 1	1 6 1	2 10 4
35	1 7 2	1 9 3	2 16 6
40	1 10 4	1 13 6	3 3 8
45	1 14 8	2 1 0	3 13 0
50	2 3 0	2 13 11	4 7 3
55	3 1 2	3 13 3	5 5 0
60	4 2 3	5 1 3	6 7 2
65	5 16 3	6 19 11	7 16 9

Every description of Assurance may be effected with this Society, and Policies are granted on the Lives of Persons in any station and of EVERY AGE.

BONUSES.

The two first Divisions averaged £32 per Cent. on the Premiums paid. The Third £28 per Cent. The FOURTH Bonus, declared January 1847, averaged rather more than £36 PER CENT.; and from the large amount of Profit already realised, which has been reserved for future appropriation, and other causes, the Bonuses hereafter are expected considerably to exceed that amount. The Secretary's income, which is steadily increasing, is now upwards of £116,000 PER ANNUM.

GEO. H. PINCKARD, ACTUARY,
78, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex; where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed post paid. To be had of G. Purkess, Dean Street, Soho; Strange, Paternoster Row; Wiseheart, Dublin; and all Booksellers.—Saturday, May 29, 1847.